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Contents

The Week..... 216

Editorials

An Open Letter to Owen D. Young..... 219

Arsenals *versus* Courts..... 220

Child Labor in 1929..... 222

General Articles

One Way Out.....Ralph Borsodi 223

What Next in China?.....Nathaniel Peffer 225

The Mongoose (verse).....Evelyn Scott 227

Art and the Moral Life.....Stark Young 228

Mass Production on the Farm.....Robert Stewart 230

Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 232

Peeling An Onion.....T. S. Matthews 234

Correspondence 235

Reviews of Books

A German View of Dante.....Theodore Spencer 237

The Jew in Russian Literature....V. F. Calverton 238

Sidelights on Prosperity.....Roland A. Gibson 239

Almost Uncomfortable.....Geoffrey T. Hellman 239

Voice and Verse.....Jeffrey Mark 240

The Child in Primitive Society....Augusta Alpert 240

The Tenth Muse.....Schuyler Jackson 240

In the American Tropics....Enrique Mungufa, Jr. 241

Notes on Novels..... 241

The Week

A SURVEY of the movement of international relations during the past few days in Great Britain and in the United States is a little disheartening to an American. The new Labor government has taken notable strides in the direction of friendship. It proposes to sign the "optional clause" of the World Court accepting compulsory arbitration of legal disputes, and will be the first of the great powers, except Germany, to do this. It looks forward to the resumption of full diplomatic relations with Russia. It will press for the evacuation of the Rhineland, and proposes to do all in its power to facilitate putting the Young plan into operation. It is strongly suggested that the great naval base at Singapore may be abandoned or altered to be used by merchant ships. In regard to Anglo-American naval relations not much progress has been made, but the King's speech, and Mr. MacDonald's remarks in the House, make it plain that the Labor government accepts parity, is not inclined to boggle over the meaning of the word, and agrees with Mr.

Hoover in wanting not merely limitation but reduction. The government stands by its pre-election pledge, and is prepared (as the United States apparently is not) to accept a recodification of sea-law on the basis of the Kellogg Pact and the obligations under the League, a recodification which would mean the complete abandonment of Great Britain's historic control of the sea.

RECENT American developments present a somewhat gloomier picture. Our proposed tariff bill is creating ill will for us in every quarter of the world, and there is hardly a country of importance which has not protested, formally or informally, because of the threat to its trade with us. Mr. Hoover has repeatedly and firmly announced that the American Federal Reserve System may not have any connection with the new reparations bank which is the most important element in the Young Plan, and he has thereby chilled much of the enthusiasm with which Europe greeted the work of the American experts in bringing this plan into being. Even the rebuff given France in the matter of a postponement of her payments to this country, while largely the result of inept work in the French chamber, managed to assume an air of ungraciousness which was not justified by the facts, since the President's hands were tied by Congress.

AS FOR Anglo-American relations, while there is no evidence that Mr. Hoover has receded from his desire for limitation and reduction of navies, the Washington atmosphere has been distinctly discouraging during the past fortnight. Evidently the administration feared that the public clamor stirred up by Mr. Dawes in London was leading the public to expect too much, and expect it too soon, and has been back-peddalling in a way which is perhaps prudent but certainly not inspiring. In regard to Russia, there are whispers in Washington that a new and more sensible policy may be adopted, but thus far the only official pronouncement has been Mr. Stimson's letter to Mr. Matthew Woll, as unintelligently reactionary as anything produced in Mr. Coolidge's or Mr. Harding's time. These transitory impressions of good or bad feeling among the nations, of course, should not be taken too seri-

ously; a little later, the balance may swing the other way. For the present, however, we must regretfully record that Mr. Hoover, the almost-professional Great Humanitarian, is being outdone at his game by the amateur Mr. MacDonald.

THE stubbornness of the administration in adhering to the fiction that reparation payments are not involved, even in an economic sense, with the payment of the Allied war debts to the United States is shown by its opposition to the participation of the Federal Reserve System in the proposed Bank for International Settlement. It might be a duty of the international bank to decide at any time that the full schedule of reparation payments could not be transferred, and if the United States were even remotely responsible for this decision the Allies might plead that it was also obligated to remit part of their payments to this country. We are in full sympathy with the feeling that there is nothing in the origin of the Allied debts which impairs the moral obligation to pay them, and that their validity does not depend on what may be extracted from Germany, but we regard as nonsense the contention that the Allies will be just as well able to pay them whether they collect from Germany or not, or that it is a good policy to insist on the settlement already arrived at. The temper of the Hoover administration with regard to war debts is likely to be a major source of international friction, and our failure to participate in this projected international agency is an earnest of the isolation to which it is leading.

THE CHANGE of government in Japan was occasioned by internal questions which do not greatly concern anyone except the Japanese; while the delay in ratifying the Kellogg Pact was a factor in the dissatisfaction with the Tanaka ministry, the actual overturn came because of the government's insistence on disciplining certain army officers for their supposed negligence in connection with the assassination of Chang Tso-lin in Manchuria. The Managuchi government will differ from that of Tanaka chiefly in being markedly more friendly toward China; Baron Shidehara, who is to be Foreign Minister, is famous as the chief spokesman for a conciliatory policy toward the aspirations of Nanking. If the Managuchi regime survives, it will be more than ever likely that China will manage to rid herself of the unequal treaties with the foreign powers—treaties which, as Mr. Peffer shows elsewhere in this issue of *The New Republic*, are rapidly losing their force, in any event. This is a question with which the American government must grapple sooner or later; and a great advantage would be gained if we were to be among the first rather than at the tail of the procession.

MR. C. P. SCOTT has retired as editor of *The Manchester Guardian*, at the age of eighty-three, and has been succeeded by his son, Mr. E. T. Scott. The brilliance, courage and fairness of the man

who has been *The Manchester Guardian* for fifty years have been the subject of universal laudation and we do not propose to add another eulogy here; they have been the chief reason why *The Guardian*, published in a provincial English city and with a small circulation whether by English or American standards, is the leading liberal journal of the British Empire, a paper which is read and quoted, and its views given the most serious consideration, throughout the world. We are more interested in noting that this paper is and has been a thorough success by the highest standards of journalism, and is one of a little handful of such successes left anywhere. Mr. Scott had no millions from Mr. Graustein of the International Paper and Power Company to squander in trying to force his journal on people who didn't want it. His paper is not one of a chain of twenty or thirty, able by their combined purchasing power to hire "high-pressure" thinkers to sit in London and decide what the people in other communities ought to want in a newspaper—whether they do want it or not.

THE *GUARDIAN* publishes no syndicated comic strips, nor, indeed, syndicated material of any sort; everything which appears in its columns, except part of its telegraphic news service, is written especially for it by men chosen to serve *The Guardian* because the editor had some reason to believe that they are *The Guardian's* sort of men, and since their work does not appear in a hundred, or three hundred, papers of every possible political attitude and degree of literacy, these writers can say what they think and are spared the necessity of reducing their writing to the kindergarten level. An American, surveying the newspapers of his own land and duly noting a few honorable exceptions to the general rule of standardized timidity and stupidity, is moved to envy Manchester *The Guardian*; but he may take at least some degree of comfort: in England or anywhere else, *Guardians* are as rare as Scotts. The paper is another bit of evidence that, despite all the "trustification" of this day, every fine thing in this world is the work of some fine individual.

THE *DIAL* and *The Little Review* are going out of existence simultaneously. Their editors have had enough of them, they desire to turn their minds to other things, and they have arranged for no successors. And it is true that, for their own generation, their pioneering work has been accomplished. The writers whom they introduced to the world, or for whom they provided a vehicle, writers for whom no other American magazine could conceivably have performed the same service—Eliot, Yeats, Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence and Cummings—are now so widely known and read that *The Dial* and *The Little Review* can do little more to help them. Yet it is sad to see these magazines pass. It marks the passing of the conflict and excitement in the literary and artistic world of

ten or fifteen years ago. The beauty of most of the writers I have named was at that time a new beauty, and we discovered it with a surprise and delight with which we must always associate in our memories *The Dial* and *The Little Review*. We bought them with curiosity, we read them with astonishment or indignation; but we kept them and read them again, and in time we looked forward to them eagerly.

THE GENERATION of British and American writers whom these magazines originally encouraged has now pretty well come into its own; and it may be that it is easier today for any writer, however queer or unconventional, to get a hearing than it was at the time when *The Dial* and *The Little Review* were started. But fresh life in literature usually presents itself in unexpected forms; and when these magazines have disappeared, we shall be at a loss as to where to look for its first expressions. True, if *The Dial*, for example, had continued, it would have been likely to become, like the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, a respectable and well established institution subsisting on the aging reputations of those whom it had brought into the world amidst scenes of consternation and terror. Even so, there would have been a place for such a magazine: one is sorry to lose *The Dial* at all. But in its absence, we shall be doubly aware of the fact that we have in America no organ of artistic rebellion. *The Masses* is too propagandist; *Transition*, too far away. *The American Caravan* is dedicated to the discovery of new writers, but it has not the life, the personality, the continuity of a monthly magazine. Where shall we look for frank and scurrilous criticism of our respectable and accepted contemporaries? Where shall we look for the new language of new times? The editors and the founders of *The Dial* and *The Little Review* deserve our gratitude for work of public importance. Who will do that work for today and tomorrow?

THE Ku Klux Klan, we learn, is moving its headquarters back from Washington to Atlanta, where it will undertake a campaign for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, the one which in theory enfranchises the Negro. The Klan was about extinct when the Democrats nominated Al Smith and gave it a new lease on life. Since the Hoover landslide—which, we may be sure, the Klan leaders attributed largely to their influence—it has pretended to be very close to the administration, but this pretence was punctured when Mrs. de Priest was entertained at the White House, since nothing could be more alien to Klan principles unless, perhaps, Mr. Hoover were to announce that he has been converted to Catholicism. The Klan, like any other commercial enterprise, must have a talking-point, something to sell to its members, and accordingly it falls back on the Fifteenth Amendment. Repeal is, of course, impossible; this amendment

is like the Eighteenth in that it can neither be repealed nor, at present, enforced, and probably no one is better aware of this than the heads of the K. K. K. But necessity knows no logic; and there may still be some benighted people in this country who can be persuaded to give up ten dollars each, from time to time, in the hope that the Negro can be restored to the status of a serf. After all, this drive is not much sillier than that of *The National Republic*, which asked similar contributions for the purpose of destroying the Bolshevik menace in America.

IN THEORY, the United States should have been an ideal scene for the development of aerial travel, with its great cities separated by vast distances. Actually, in the use of the aeroplane we have lagged far behind Europe, for two chief reasons. Several of the continental governments have given heavy subsidies to commercial air-lines carrying passengers and freight, because of the military usefulness of ships and pilots in war time, and have thus made it possible for fares to be reduced until they are little higher than railroad rates. Again, the inconvenience of crossing numerous frontiers, with the nuisance of customs inspection and sometimes of changing trains, is greatly diminished when one flies over the same route. Now, however, America is beginning to catch up. Thanks to the post-office payments for carrying air mail, which amount to a subsidy, the carrying of passengers is now feasible at prices which are not prohibitive. Three such services are now in daily operation across the continent, combining air with rail journeys, and requiring for the trip from New York to Los Angeles from forty-six to sixty hours. The cost in at least one instance is only about a hundred dollars more than the train fare plus Pullman charge, and the saving of time, even on the slowest aerial route, is a full day. The experiment begins under sound auspices, with several of the country's most important railroads coöperating with ample capital, the best of equipment and a large staff of skilled pilots. If it fails, this will not be for lack of careful preparation, but because America is not yet sufficiently "air-minded" for anything more than short flights under what may be described as emergency conditions.

SENATOR SMOOT of Utah is indignant at the American Tobacco Company. He has introduced a bill in the Senate which would bring tobacco advertising within the control of the provisions of the Food and Drug Act, and he has denounced the president of the company for advertising which "appeals to adolescents." Anyone who knows where sugar beets grow, and who can recite the Lucky Strike slogan, will be able to formulate a workable opinion as to the reason for Senator Smoot's indignation. But we hope, nevertheless, that the Senator from Utah will press the matter when Congress re-convenes. We have no desire

to see the bill become a law; but we would like to hear Senator Smoot, or anyone else, explain more fully the difference between advertising which appeals to adolescents, and advertising which appeals to grown-ups. If Senator Smoot would classify as "adolescent appeal" a picture of a pretty girl smoking a cigarette, how would he classify a picture showing a pretty girl hovering over a radio, or trading in last year's sedan, or caressing an electric ice-box, or strolling down Park Avenue with a book? If he should start suppressing advertisements on the basis of adolescent appeal, what would happen to ninety-nine and forty-four-one-hundredths percent of the whole lot? And what effect would this have on prosperity?

TWO recent court decisions, one in Virginia and one in West Virginia, give a fine lift to the struggle of Negroes in the South to win for themselves civil maturity. In Virginia, Judge Groner of the United States District Court ruled that the Virginia Primary Law, which restricted the participation in the Democratic primary to white citizens, contravened the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and was invalid. In West Virginia, the Court of Appeals held that a local library board may not exclude Negroes from a public library. The judges refused to take into consideration the contention that to allow negroes the use of a library would be against "public policy." "We would not be justified, on account of public policy," said the court, "in construing a plain statute to mean something more than its plain language imports." Libraries "shall be free for the use of the inhabitants." Certainly, it is equally plain that West Virginia, or any other state, is better off when its inhabitants are intelligent and mature than when they are irresponsible and childish. These two decisions, fortifying the civil rights of Negroes in two important respects, will benefit the whites in the South no less than the Negroes themselves.

An Open Letter to Owen D. Young

SIR: A combination of circumstances has made timely an inquiry addressed to you. It so happens that just as you were receiving hearty and deserved praise as a result of the achievement by you and your fellow experts at the Reparations conference, there was announced in New York the completion of a new merger of electric power utilities. This merger, the largest in the country, was brought to fruition under the auspices of the house of J. P. Morgan, which already controlled nearly 19 percent of the American hydro-electric production, or more than any other aggregation of interests except those under the Electric Bond and Share Company. You are close to the men responsible for this activity. Mr. Morgan was one of your

associates at Paris, and your acquaintance with him and his partners in your capacity as Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company and as director in other corporations, must be intimate. The Electric Bond and Share Company itself was, not so long ago, a General Electric subsidiary, and is owned in a great part by the same stockholders.

The formation of this merger did not pass without comment. It aroused, for instance, in Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, a sense of the necessity for investigation. Neither the state public service commission nor any federal body has any regulatory authority over utility holding companies. The new company will constitute a virtual monopoly of the existing power generating and distributing agencies of the state. What does such an unregulated monopoly portend for consumers? What will be the position of the state if, after it has developed its own great remaining sources of water power, it has to bargain for sale and distribution with this one aggregation of private capital? Mr. Roosevelt is taking steps to find out. He has also expressed a lively fear of what may happen to the liberty of the citizen if such immense units, while themselves unregulated, exercise a large influence over government. That the utilities, through the Republican party in the state legislature, have mingled actively in New York politics, is an undeniable fact. Your association with Mr. Roosevelt's political interest in the matter seems to be as close as your association with those responsible for the merger. Like him, you are a Democrat and a New Yorker. Like him, you have been mentioned with enthusiasm as a possible Democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States. More than this; several years ago you publicly supported the power policy of Governor Smith—namely, state development of generating stations on the St. Lawrence, and sale of the power, with proper safeguards, through existing distributing companies. This was in opposition to the effort of certain utility interests to lease the power sites themselves.

Here we have a crucial juncture in a national conflict which is assuming more and more importance as time goes on. It is likely to place you in an embarrassing position from which you can extricate yourself only by a clear statement of your views. More than that, it presents you with an unusual opportunity for public service. We are far from suggesting that there is anything in the nature of a competition between you and Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidential nomination; neither your attitude nor his in relation to important public questions would conceivably be influenced by such a consideration. But a man prominently mentioned for the Presidency is, willy nilly, a leader of opinion; it is unfair to the nation that he should occupy a position which is strikingly ambiguous. A declaration on power policy would be in order from any statesman, but is a moral necessity from one who may be thought to be close to private power interests. Your reputation and influence are very large. From

previous utterances, you are recognized as a spokesman of modern and liberal tendencies in business. It would be unfortunate if the good will justly won by the American experts at the Reparations conference were utilized to mask and protect another aggression of private profit and private wealth upon the power resources of the American people, upon the possible public benefits of electric current in large quantities and at reasonable prices, upon the political independence of the citizens' agencies for controlling the monopolistic purveyors of common necessities.

The great influence of another industrial leader, who is much less conversant with social and political problems than you, has already been enlisted on the side of the utility monopolists. Henry Ford has been induced to issue a pronouncement consisting of a wholly misleading admixture of common sense and arrant nonsense. It calls attention to the admitted advantages of large-scale production, providing popular necessities at a low and decreasing price, and hence in increasing quantities. It jumps from this accepted principle, so well exemplified in the highly competitive automobile industry by Mr. Ford's own performance, to an assertion of the desirability of a private, national monopoly of electric power, unregulated as to profits. It assumes, without justification, that such a monopoly would charge the lowest price possible. And it implies that the ever-widening activities of utility holding companies have led to the same sort of economies and price reductions as have occurred in the automobile industry, in spite of the plain fact, testified to by numerous competent experts, that these mergers have largely operated to take from the consumer the savings in cost of production and distribution which the technical progress of the industry has made possible. If those in active control of the electric utilities are so eager to make prices lower, why do they spend so many millions on expensive counsel and litigation in the effort to prevent rate reductions by the regulating commissions? Why do they appeal to the federal courts to sustain abstruse theories of valuation which result in fabulous profits to the stockholders of the holding companies? Why do they exercise every art of propaganda and lobby to keep governments, national, state and local, from producing power in competition with them? Why do they seek to obscure the splendid results in low rates and wide use which have been achieved by the Ontario and other successful publicly owned systems? Soft soap like that issued over the name of Henry Ford in the recent article in the *Electrical World* ought not to go unchallenged. When such stuff as this is being printed, surely it is time for some responsible leader of public opinion, whose reputation as an industrialist is comparable with Mr. Ford's, to speak out.

We do not expect you to do anything so foolish as to condemn the modern tendency toward business consolidation, or to call for a futile program of "trust busting." But we do hope that you will come

out definitely on the side of the individual consumer of electric current and support his right to an abolition of those abuses which have been rampant in utility practices. We expect you to say that a private monopoly of the means of providing general necessities requires adequate public regulation. We hope you will point out that this involves, among other things, regulation of the activities of holding companies, whether by state or federal action or both, and a revision of rate-regulating procedure, either through the commissions or through a system of contracts, such that the consumer need pay no more than a reasonable return on the securities which it is really necessary to issue in order to obtain the capital essential to provide the service. We hope you will endorse the plan for state and national governments to develop their own hydro-electric resources wherever possible, as a competitive check on the possibly extortionate practices of privately owned utilities. Unless you do something of this sort, many will be certain to regard you, in relation to this outstanding question, not as a disinterested leader of public opinion, but as at least a tacit ally of the private interests which are so persistently gathering the reins of power and profit into their own hands. It is a time, not for high-sounding generalities, but for plain speaking.

Arsenals *versus* Courts

IN THE current discussion of Anglo-American relations, many references have been made to our unfortified Canadian frontier. There are no glowering arsenals or armies of troops along this border and, according to the Rush-Bagott agreement of 1817, the United States and Great Britain can maintain only three gun-boats each upon the Great Lakes. Neither Canada nor the United States fears an attack from the other. Disputes may arise, but both peoples have resolved that they shall not be settled by force. The reason for armaments, therefore, does not arise.

Important as is the unfortified Canadian frontier, it is well to point out that this frontier is the result, rather than the cause, of the friendly relations between the Canadian and American peoples. The absence of huge fortifications and conscript armies along our Mexican border has not guaranteed a state of peace between the peoples of this country and of Mexico. The absence of fortifications has not prevented the United States in the past from making ugly demands upon Mexico, nor has it prevented the Mexican government from committing acts distasteful to the United States. The United States has been at peace with Canada for the last hundred years, not as a result of the unfortified boundary, but because we have kept the peace with the British Empire, of which Canada is a part. No conceivable amount of fortifications would furnish much protection to Canada in the remote case of war with a neighbor so much more

populous and powerful. And the British Empire contains no commonwealth more essential to its welfare. The very existence of Canada is a hostage of Anglo-American peace.

There is, however, yet another reason for the maintenance of peace along the American-Canadian frontier—that is, the existence of continuously functioning machinery for the settlement of disputes. For many years, controversies have arisen between Canadians and Americans over the use of the waters of the St. Lawrence, and other rivers which cross the boundary. The municipal law of most countries recognizes the right of an upper and lower riparian owner to the use of the waters of a stream; but apparently, no such right has been clearly recognized in international law. A Canadian could dam up the waters of a river crossing the boundary, for irrigation or power purposes, to the detriment of an American, without committing any international offense. Such acts, however, began to create ill-will between the two peoples, and the American and British governments finally agreed that the only means of bringing about the fair division of the resources of the waterways that crossed the frontier, and of conserving the resources from waste, was to establish a system of international control.

In 1909, consequently, the United States and Great Britain entered into a treaty "to settle all questions which are now pending between the United States and the Dominion of Canada involving the rights, obligations, or interests of either in relation to the other or to the inhabitants of the other, along their common frontier. . . ." Toward this end, they decided to establish a permanent tribunal, called the International Joint Commission, composed of six members, three from each country. This Commission has three main tasks. In the first place, it passes upon applications for the use or diversion of certain waters along the international boundary. Any person, whether American or Canadian, wishing to divert boundary waters must obtain its approval. So far, the Commission has heard about fifteen cases of this sort. Six applicants wished to use water as electric power; nine wished to obtain approval for the erection of dams, timber booms, abutments for an international bridge, etc. Altogether, thirteen applications have been granted within an average time of seven and a half months each. After granting an application and laying down the rules which must be followed by the applicant in the use of water, the Commission sees to it that these rules are observed. There are few, if any, instances where decisions of the Commission have caused protests, whether on the ground that the Commission had failed to guard against exploitation or had imposed too severe conditions upon the applicants. Under the old diplomacy, these cases would have cluttered up the foreign offices of both countries for years, and it is doubtful whether they could ever have been settled through diplomatic channels. But through

the International Joint Commission, some of whose judges are engineers, these cases are decided with the same scientific precision with which the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes railway rates. With one exception, the decisions of the International Joint Commission have been made by unanimous vote.

In the second place, this Commission has the power, under the 1909 treaty, to examine and report on any other question placed before it either by the government of the United States or that of Canada. This provision seems to be a forerunner of an idea which Secretary Bryan later embodied in his famous Peace Commission Treaties. The Commission has conducted four investigations under this article, including the St. Lawrence waterway investigation, which lasted from 1920 to 1922. Here the Commission was asked to determine what further improvements were necessary for a waterway between Montreal and Lake Ontario. The Commission submitted an elaborate report, but the question was finally referred to a larger international board of engineers.

Finally, the Commission may act as a permanent arbitration court between the two countries. Article 10 of the treaty states that any questions which arise involving the rights, obligations or interests of either country may be referred for decision to the Commission by the consent of both parties. No case has been referred to the Commission under this article, and it may be objected that the Commission cannot function smoothly as an arbitral tribunal, since it contains no neutral judges. Nevertheless, the members of this Commission have not allowed nationalistic prejudices to discolor their decisions on boundary waters; and it may well be that, because of this tradition, the Commission will find it possible to arrive at a unanimous judgment in arbitration cases.

Much of the success of the International Joint Commission has been due to the fact that it is composed of permanent members, who hold regular meetings. The members have therefore been able to develop a technique as well as a feeling of confidence in each other. The experience of the Joint Commission has been similar to that of other international tribunals—the members soon forget their nationality and consider themselves as real international judges.

In a speech at Montreal in 1923, Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes suggested the appointment of another Canadian-American commission to investigate so-called "domestic questions" which affected the relations of Canada and the United States. This suggestion, coming from such a source, was courageous. But is it necessary to establish a new body for this purpose? Why could not the International Joint Commission assume jurisdiction over all delicate questions, such as the tariff, prohibition enforcement, and the St. Lawrence waterway now pending between Canada and the United States? Certainly the provisions of the 1909 treaty

are wide enough for this purpose, and if the Commission is now composed too exclusively of engineers to consider broader political questions, its membership might be enlarged.

Indeed, it might be desirable to establish such a commission to discuss all the problems that now exist or may arise between any part of the British Empire and the United States. The old system of diplomatic negotiations by political representatives is gradually giving way to more informal conferences of experts. It is difficult, perhaps, to draw the line between those questions which required the action of all nations, through a League of Nations conference, and those questions which can be settled by two nations, such as the United States and Canada. Nevertheless, the line exists. And the League of Nations has encouraged the development of regional conciliation commissions to settle disputes on the spot. The extension of the duties of the International Joint Commission would be one means of showing the United States the advantages of this new type of international procedure, which eventually might induce us to coöperate fully with the League. At any event, it is well to remember that the International Joint Commission has prevented many disputes from arising between the United States and Canada, and in so doing has contributed perhaps more to the peaceful relations of these two countries than the unfortified frontier. Indeed, it might not be unfair to say that this frontier is the symbol of the Commission's labors.

Child Labor in 1929

THE APPROACH to the child-labor problem in the United States, since the conclusive defeat of the child-labor amendment to the Constitution, has been re-directed into two main channels. Legislative action by states, rather than by a federal amendment, is, of course, the inevitable sequel to that defeat. And at the same time, as the latest bulletin of the National Child Labor Committee makes clear, the workers in this field show a growing tendency to recast the major problem, not in terms of child labor at all, but as a problem of "juvenile employment."

The difference in terminology is slight; but it symbolizes an enormous change in the situation since the day, twenty-five years ago, when the National Child Labor Committee came into being. At that time there were 1,750,000 children between the ages of ten and fifteen under employment, more than 24,000 of them in the mines and more than 260,000 in manufacturing and mechanical occupations. Only two states had established an eight-hour day for children under sixteen; night-work restriction, when heard of at all, applied only to children under fourteen, and set 10 P. M. as the closing hour. Today, every state has some kind of a fourteen-year age limit, at least during school hours; the majority of states have an eight-hour

day for children under sixteen, and night work restrictions, with 6 P. M. or 7 P. M. as the closing hour, are on the statute books of two-thirds of the states. The percentage of children from ten to fifteen years of age in gainful employment, has dropped from 18 percent to about 8. The National Child Labor Committee can indeed look back with pride on the part it has played in bringing about these reforms.

The job is, of course, far from finished. The improvement in conditions in the majority of states only emphasizes the necessity of bringing the recalcitrant states up to par; and in many states, where adequate laws have been passed, these laws are not being enforced. Certain fields of employment, moreover, and notably canneries, street trades, tenement home-work, and agriculture, still offer unsolved problems. At the same time, the National Child Labor Committee is confronted by the new problems which have arisen with regard to the older children who enter industry, the problem, as the committee calls it, of "juvenile employment."

As long as the minimum age at which children may enter industry is set at fourteen, the work of embodying that standard in legislation is comparatively simple. But as the age limit is raised to fifteen, sixteen, or eighteen years, a host of new complications arise. What modifications would this entail in the school system? What types of employment are suitable? How should the children be prepared for work? What is the proper relationship between the children in employment and the continuation schools, part-time schools, vocational classes, special courses for retarded children? It is certainly true that there are many children who are unable to profit by schooling beyond certain grades; but how, and where, this minimum standard should be set is a question that must not be dogmatically approached. The National Child Labor Committee, in outlining its plans for the future, puts special emphasis on the study of this question; and it is by a systematic effort to ascertain the facts upon which the solution of these new problems of child labor depend that it can be most helpful.

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One Way Out

The Beginning of the Adventure

In The New Republic of July 10 there appeared an article describing Mr. Ralph Borsodi, his interesting attack upon certain aspects of the factory system, and the personal experience through which he has successfully shown that his indictment is a valid one. The following article is the first of a series of three by Mr. Borsodi telling in more detail and at first-hand of his experiment in "domesticating the machine." These articles constitute a condensed version of part of Mr. Borsodi's book, "This Ugly Civilization: A Study of the Quest of Comfort," to be published this fall by Simon and Schuster.

NEW YORK in 1920 was no place for a houseless family. Rents were outrageously high. Evictions were epidemic—to enable rapacious landlords to secure higher rents—and most of the tenants in the city seemed to be in the congested courts trying to secure the protection of the emergency rent laws. The house in which we had been living—my wife, two sons, and myself—had been sold. The new owner wished to occupy it. Something had to be done. Thus we were actually driven to begin an experiment which we had often discussed—but which we had postponed time and again because it involved so radical a change in our manner of life.

That was nine years ago. It is now possible to consider judiciously the extent to which the adventure has succeeded. And such consideration is worth while because the economic, social, political, and even philosophic, implications of the experiment are of revolutionary import.

Nine years ago, we took a map of the vicinity of New York and drew a series of concentric circles around the city, using the Grand Central Station as a center. Within the first circle, which was fifteen miles in diameter, we hoped that we could find the sort of home-site for which we were looking: a site on which we could begin our quest of comfort upon entirely new lines. Within the next circle, twenty-five miles in diameter, we were more confident that we would find something suitable. Within the third circle, thirty-five miles in diameter, we knew we would find many suitable sites, but probably in locations beyond the limit of commutation. And we had to look forward to commutation, six days a week, for some years at least.

Instead, therefore, of starting the heart-breaking task of house and apartment hunting in New York, we circularized real-estate offices in the regions within these circles. We asked for a house that

could be readily remodelled; a location near the railroad station, for we had no car; five to ten acres of land with fruit trees, garden space, pasturage, and if possible a wood-lot and brook; a location where electricity was available, and last but not least, a low purchase price. These were the essentials. Even if the place only barely complied with these specifications, we felt confident that we could achieve economic freedom as well as a degree of comfort never enjoyed in the city. All the other essentials of the good life as it is understood in New York today, not even excepting a good school, we decided we could produce ourselves if we were unable to find a location which already possessed them.

We finally located on a site about an hour and three-quarters from the city. It included a small frame house, containing not a single modern improvement; a barn and out-houses, in dilapidated condition; and eight acres of land which fulfilled many of our requirements. There was, however, little variety in the fruit on the place: there were only apples, cherries, and plums, but of the apples, at least, there were plenty.

There were numerous disadvantages, of which the most serious was the fact that our location was too close to the village, too close to the main road, and too close to the railroad tracks. Yet the place sufficed for the initial experiment, which lasted four years. Then we were able to select a more suitable site and build the sort of home we really wanted.

We began the experiment with three principal assets: courage—foolhardiness our friends called it—a vision of what modern methods and modern machinery might be made to do for us, and the fact that my wife had been born, and had lived up to her twelfth year, on a ranch in the West.

But we had plenty of liabilities. We had little capital and only a modest income. We had no recent experience of country life, and none at all in this region. We knew nothing about vegetables, fruit, and poultry. All these things we had to learn. While I was a handy-man, I had hardly ever had occasion to use a hammer and saw, and if our experiment was to succeed, it required that I should make myself a master-of-all-trades. We were cut off from city comforts to which we were accustomed, without the countryman's material and spiritual compensations for them.

We started home-making with nothing but our city furniture. We began by adding to that wholly unsuitable equipment for our experiment an electric range. This was the first purchase in the long

list of domestic machines with which we proposed to test our theory that it was possible to be more comfortable in the country than in the city, with the freedom to do work to which we aspired, thrown in for good measure.

It would take too much space even to list the details of what followed. Discomforts were plentiful in the beginning. The hardships of the first few years are now fading into a romantic haze, but they were real enough at that time. A family starting with our handicaps had to expect them. But almost from the beginning there were compensations for the discomforts.

Before the end of the first year we began to enjoy the feeling of plenty which the city-dweller never experiences. We cut our hay; gathered our fruit; made gallons and gallons of cider. We had a storehouse full of fruit and vegetables for winter. We had tried a cow but had given it up. By furnishing us twenty quarts of milk a day she threatened to put us into the dairy business. So we compromised on a pair of blooded Swiss goats. We equipped a poultry yard and had eggs, chickens, and fat roast capons. We ended the year with plenty, not only for our own needs, but for a generous hospitality to our friends—one which, unlike city hospitality, did not involve purchasing everything we served our guests.

To the items above enumerated we have since added ducks, guineas, and turkeys, not to mention bees for honey, white pigeons for atmosphere, and dogs for company.

In certain important respects, our adventure was very different from the ordinary back-to-the-land venture. We quickly abandoned all efforts to sell produce. After the first year this became an inviolable principle. We produced only for our own consumption. If we found it difficult to consume or give away anything that we had raised, we cut down our production and devoted our time and thought to producing something else that we were buying. We used machinery wherever we could, and tried to apply the most approved scientific methods to small-scale production. We acted on the maxims that there was always a better method than the conventional one, if we only sought long enough for it, and that efficient machinery would pay for itself in the home precisely as it pays for itself in the factory.

One of our early extravagances was a steam pressure cooker—price twenty-five dollars. This piece of machinery has since been reduced in price by nearly half. The pressure cooker cut the labor of canning from one-quarter to one-third. It produced as reliable a job of processing as the cannery and yet furnished us a far superior product. In addition to all the usual fruits and vegetables—staples such as corn and tomatoes, peaches and berries—it enabled us to can veal, chicken, mushrooms and jelly. It enabled us to go into the winter with jar

after jar of delicacies such as chicken breasts, veal gelatine, and genuine mint jelly. These cost us so little, aside from labor, which the machinery reduced to a minimum, that we soon grew tired of figuring the saving as compared to the high-priced and inferior canned goods that we formerly consumed. In determining our costs of production, we included the cash we spent for labor, but these costs were cut to trifling sums because we canned with an efficient cooker, ironed on an efficient mangle, gardened with an efficient tractor.

What the pressure cooker did for canning, other domestic machinery did, and is still doing, in other directions. Today we use a truck and a tractor, two gasoline motors, a circular saw, joiner, and boring machine, a concrete mixer, an automatic scraper, many kinds of plows, harrows, seeders and numerous tools and implements.

In the house, we use an electric sewing machine, washing machine, dish washer, ironing machine, vacuum cleaner, and waxing and polishing machine. We use even a painting machine and electric drill. This is by no means a complete list of the machines and tools used in an effort to harness modern domestic machinery to the task of reintegrating production. Some of the machines we have purchased have proved unsatisfactory—something to be expected, since so little real thought in our factory-dominated civilization has been devoted to the development of household equipment. But taking them as a whole, it is no exaggeration to say that we started our quest of comfort with all the discomforts possible in the country, and, because of the machines, we have now achieved more comforts than the average prosperous city man enjoys.

What we have managed to accomplish is the outcome of nothing but a conscious determination to use machinery for the purpose of eliminating drudgery from the home and to produce for ourselves enough of the essentials of living to free us from the thralldom of our factory-dominated civilization.

What are the social, economic, political, and philosophical implications of such a type of living? What would be the consequence of a transference of perhaps 50 percent of production from the factories to the home? If enough families were to make their homes economically productive, one-crop farmers would have to go out of business, and with them the packing houses, mills, and canneries, not to mention the railroads, the wholesalers, and the retailers who distribute their products. Food is our most important industry. A successful "war of attrition," such as we have been carrying on all alone, if extended on a large enough scale, would put this industry out of its misery—for miserable it is—and would reduce proportionally city congestion, adulteration, unemployment, and bad odors, to all of which the food industry contributes liberally.

Domestic production can annihilate the undesirable and non-essential factory, by driving its

products off the market. It can do more. It can release us from the thralldom of the factory—can make mankind master of its machines instead of servant to them. And, remote as are the probabilities that it will be adopted by the rank and file of our industrialized population, it is a thoroughly practical program for the individual family that wishes to make its life something other than an appendage to some factory.

Some of the discoveries we have made and the conclusions we have arrived at will be described in succeeding articles.

RALPH BORSODI.

The second article in Mr. Borsodi's series will appear in The New Republic next week. It discusses "domesticating the machine, as part of the fight for freedom."

What Next in China?

I. Relations with the Great Powers

SUPERFICIALLY, China seems to have been swinging in a circle, and to be back now where it was five or ten years ago, in spite of the nationalistic uprising of recent years, the repeated defiance of the great powers, and the apparent unification under the Kuomintang. Provinces remote from the seat of government still go their own way, indifferent to the government; one group of generals still maneuvers against another, until a new civil war breaks out; and the threat of foreign intervention still hangs over the country, as when Japanese troops occupied Shantung last year. All is as it always has been and, in the words of unreconstructed "old resident" foreigners, as it always will be.

On the surface, this is true. China is indeed turning in a circle, but if one looks closely, one will see that it is merely one of an ascending series of circles, concentric, but ever narrowing, and rising to a point. The Nationalist conquest of the country, the revolt against foreign control, the repudiation and forced revision of the treaties that sanctified this control, and more recently the renewed outbreak of dissensions so soon after unification—these are all loops in a spiral. The final stage will come when China is either an independent, united, stable country, or has disintegrated into a cluster of semi-feudal military principalities, perhaps ultimately to be parcelled out among a few great powers.

At present, this last possibility seems the least likely. China's foreign policy, the only aspect of the country that affects us directly, and the one that is uppermost in Chinese minds—even if illogically so—is being settled. The Chinese have won. The foreign privileges wrested from China, in the period of conquest between 1842 and 1914, have been cancelled, in effect if not in law. The right of foreign powers to dictate China's tariff has been renounced after diplomatic negotiation and agreement; but it had already been abandoned, even before the negotiations took place. The Chinese were levying tariff duties as they pleased, and in defiance

of treaty stipulations. The legations protested and quoted the treaties. But the duties continued to be levied, and foreign goods were denied entry unless they were paid.

The situation is much the same in regard to the other important foreign privilege of extra-territoriality. Theoretically, I am under American jurisdiction and immune from any interference by Chinese law or authority. Actually, when I go a hundred miles from Peking, or Shanghai, or any other city where foreign troops are stationed, the protection of extra-territoriality is not worth the paper on which the treaty is printed. The Chinese authorities can do with me as they like. The American Legation, of course, can protest: the protest, too, will not be worth the paper on which it is typed. For, aside from Peking and the ports where there are foreign troops, extra-territoriality has ceased to exist; and where there are foreign troops, it is not necessary. The Chinese are now demanding a formal revision of treaties to abolish extra-territoriality. We may or may not refuse, but that will not matter. To agree will be merely to recognize a *fait accompli*; to refuse will be to play the ostrich. Extra-territoriality is gone.

In the case of the concessions and settlements—small areas within Chinese cities that are administered as foreign soil—a process of attrition has already set in. By indirect pressure and outright demands, backed by their new sense of power, the Chinese have won a voice in the government of these areas, to such an extent that their very atmosphere is changed. One who knows the Shanghai of ten years ago would not recognize it today. Officially, the Chinese have a small minority representation in the council that governs the settlement. Unofficially, they are exercising a large share in the actual control. Like extra-territoriality, the privileges of foreigners in the concessions will have vanished in practice, long before their passing is recognized in diplomatic formalities.

Thus the foreign powers are losing all, or nearly all, that was gained in a series of wars, diplomatic

intrigues, and gunboat bullying—and, incidentally, in international rivalries that brought about one war, nearly caused others, and helped charge the atmosphere that exploded in 1914. And in this there is no little irony. By the standards of judgment we have held up to China, there was never so little justification for giving up our privileges as there is now. We have said that China must first have internal peace and a stable government with a judicial system based on laws conforming to western standards: "must set its house in order," as we usually put it. Then we should consider letting it determine its own tariff, submitting our citizens to the jurisdiction of its laws, renouncing our territorial rights, and so on. And never was China's house in worse confusion than now; never was there less security for our persons and property before the law. Yet we have formally acknowledged China's right to lay whatever duties it pleases on our exports, and we shall soon be signing treaties that will place our citizens under the jurisdiction of its still non-existent laws.

The reason is simple: we cannot help ourselves. Foreign privileges rested on force, or on potential force, the punitive measures that we made the Chinese believe we could take if they challenged our position. The Chinese have lost this belief and we have done nothing to restore it. For no nation has been in a position to send a large enough army to China to fight for extra-territoriality and a low Chinese tariff. Japan might have been willing, but Great Britain and the United States would probably have prevented her. Nothing less than a big army would have been effective. The Japanese last year sent an expeditionary force into Shantung, occupying the province without any difficulty. But a year later they had evacuated. All they have now to show for their adventure is an additional tax burden of some millions of yen. In short, there is nothing to prevent the Chinese from having their own way, and they are having it.

The results are not likely to be agreeable—at least, to foreigners. In fact, the situation is not particularly agreeable now. The prophecies of disaster that are being sent home now by the Shanghai foreign communities, urging their governments not to yield on extra-territoriality, are exaggerated but not wholly baseless. Consider, for instance, the all-important matter of taxation. The Chinese have wrested from us not only tariff autonomy but the right to tax foreign business established in the country. This, of course, is a right claimed by every country in the world, but it has been denied to China in the past. Now that the Chinese have assumed it, they find a quite human satisfaction in making us aware of the fact. The most obvious way to do this is to tax us heavily and at will, make us pay, and enjoy the sensation as well as the revenue. That alone would explain the present unreasonable, arbitrary, and often irresponsible clapping on of taxes, sometimes by those who have authority and sometimes by those who have not.

But there is an additional explanation to be found in the general confusion of the country. Foreign business is not alone in suffering from reckless taxation. Chinese business is being actually bled. For one thing, there is a pressing need of revenue. Civil wars cost money, and each war leaves the sources of revenue more exhausted. Besides this, the decentralization under local military authorities leaves Chinese and foreigners alike at the mercy of the caprice of those in local authority. The central government at Nanking is trying to unify and systematize taxation, but so far with only partial success. A long time will have to pass before it does succeed. Even then, the lot of foreign business interests, deprived of the protection of the legation and gunboats to which they have been accustomed, will not be easy. The need of revenue will be no less pressing, and while Chinese sources are drying up, foreign business is a still unexploited field. It will be worked.

There are no signs that the great powers will be any more willing in the near future than they have been in the recent past to take the only step that would alter this situation: the sending of a big fleet and several hundred thousand troops. The old days are gone—the good old days, as one says in Shanghai. They may be mourned, but they cannot be recalled.

One aspect of China's foreign relations, to which much significance has been attached in the past year, remains unsettled: the question of South Manchuria. Quite rightly it has been generally recognized that behind all the recent tension between Japan and China lies the rivalry over South Manchuria, but too much importance can be attached to Japan's recent measures in that area. They do not represent any new aggressive policy. They are simply a formal notification on the part of Japan that China may unify if she wishes, but that South Manchuria must be considered outside the scope of unification. There is nothing new in this; recent developments have merely compelled Japan to be more explicit. As a matter of fact, Japan has regarded South Manchuria as Japanese in all but name and diplomatic fiction since it first won the territory from Russia in 1906, and at no time since then could the powers have returned the province to China without first crushing Japan's army. This is still true. South Manchuria will become Chinese again only if China defeats Japan in war, or some other nation does so for her and returns the province, or if China forges some non-military weapon that will have the same effect.

This last is not only possible but quite probable. In fact, it is already foreshadowed. The sheer mass of China is beginning to tell. China has already engulfed its conquerors, and the tide has already begun to lap the borders of Manchuria. Although Japan has made much of its need for an outlet for surplus population, it has sent into Manchuria since 1906 only 200,000 of its people. The

Chinese emigration, on the other hand, is estimated at five times that number for 1928 alone, and more than 10,000,000 in twenty years. Manchuria is no longer an unpopulated and undeveloped region. It is fast becoming Chinese in race, which means in economic and social organization as well, for the Chinese are now taking the economic initiative into their own hands. In Manchuria, as in China proper, they no longer accept the role of providing a setting for foreign money-making. They have discovered that there is nothing magical about the foreigner's methods of acquiring great wealth. They can be learned and practised. If the foreigner can produce cheaply and make large profits on Chinese soil, so can the Chinese. And the outcry of foreigners everywhere in China, although it may be ostensibly directed against Chinese nationalistic aspirations, is evoked by the pressure of Chinese competition.

In South Manchuria, this competition is unmistakable. Chang Tso-lin, though a satellite of Japan, had already embarked on a policy of checkmating Japan by railway construction. The new lines built and planned during his regime were calculated to draw traffic off the South Manchuria Railway—a Japanese-owned line that drains Manchuria products into the Japanese-controlled port of Dairen—and feed it to the Chinese trunk line emptying into Chinese ports. Hence the vigorous diplomatic struggles over railways only a few miles long.

The Chinese are also expanding from retail merchandising, in which no other race has ever been able to compete with them, into large-scale commerce, manufacturing, and finance. With the advantage of being on their own soil and dealing with their own people, the rewards of Manchurian exploitation are likely to fall into their hands. In any case, the monopoly that the Japanese have hitherto enjoyed is now being challenged.

Yet Japan still has a promising future in South Manchuria. No matter how intensive Manchuria's development may be, it will always have to try and sell abroad; more, indeed, than now. And Japan will always have an advantage over other foreign competitors by reason of geographical and racial propinquity. Japan may still prosper economically, but its future in Manchuria will be vastly different from that which its rulers now anticipate. At the same time the Manchurian question will be settled automatically and in the most natural and least costly way. Short of war, in fact, no other settlement is possible.

The same sort of thing is also happening in North Manchuria, where the Russians were once as strong as the Japanese. The Chinese Eastern Railway, once theoretically Russo-Chinese but practically Russian, is now theoretically Russo-Chinese, but practically Chinese. Because the Russian armies are distant, and less menacing than Japan's, the Chinese have grown more high-handed in North Manchuria. Unless Moscow should decide to take military action, which is unlikely, chiefly because it

would hurt Russia's pretensions elsewhere in Asia as the protector of downtrodden eastern people China's success will come more quickly in North Manchuria than in South Manchuria.

In essentials, China has regained its equality and by the same means by which it had been reduced to inferiority: by force. And unless there should be a sudden recrudescence of imperialism in the West, which seems unlikely in this generation, it will retain equality. Some economic penetration, of course, will continue. Even now the Chinese, while lustily crying their slogan, Down with Imperialism, and actually downing the accepted symbols of imperialism in China, are wooing foreign good will in order to get loans, which also can be instruments of imperialism. The recent wholesale appointments of foreign advisers were woosers' gifts—for certainly they were not made from any desire for foreign advice, which will be treated as cavalierly as the advice of foreign counsellors has always been treated in China—and as cavalierly as it usually deserved. Foreign loans there may be, and they will be dangerous; but not so dangerous as they were in the good old days, when they were made in payment for concessions worth ten times their value. The Chinese have grown sophisticated in the ways of nations. They were subdued originally by force; they have cast off the hobbles on their sovereignty by force; and it is highly doubtful whether they will be subdued again except by force.

The settlement of China's foreign relations is thus under way. Its internal affairs, which are more complex and not so easy of approach, must be dealt with separately.

Shanghai.

NATHANIEL PEPPER.

Mr. Pepper's second article, 'dealing with China's domestic problems, will be published in The New Republic of July 31.

The Mongoose

The fluid mongoose
Is a lively shadow,
More self-contained than the cage.
How many iron bars needed
To circumvent a shape like hidden moonlight?
How many eons of stalking,
Of suffering,
To make the plaintive accent,
Almost half a thought,
That is the wistful horror of his pupil?
He looks at me.
He has already forgotten.
Only the creeping rhythm of his tail,
Gliding,
Back and forth,
Back and forth,
Weaves the subtle design
Of restlessness.

EVELYN SCOTT.

Art and the Moral Life

DEDICATED TO WALTER LIPPMANN

THIS intends to be no discussion of morality in art. I will not stay very long on that old and vexed problem as to whether art is moral, a-moral or non-moral, about which so much has been written and so many people, in their ardor, pique or exasperation, have said things that are unfair to themselves.

Art is necessarily moral, since it represents life, with the comment, or criticism or interpretation that comes from the artist, and since it plays so large a part in our habits, emotions, impulses and ideas. In a work by Shakespeare, Tintoretto or Dante, what the artist says about the material he depicts cannot be separated from the influence of the work upon us. What Mantegna, taking the human form, its rhythmic inclinations, its trappings and its house, says about magnanimity might put something into a young man's mind that would endow with splendor his whole life, exactly as something in Oscar Wilde's "Salome" or in diverse Zuloaga portraits of female decadents might muddle and poison for a long time some of the perilous springs from which the same young man's thoughts and actions flow. This is obvious, and more or less justifies the sharp eyes that society often keeps on art and its moral aspects.

On this same basis it is clear that a work of art, in so far as it benefits or harms, is moral for one epoch, immoral for another, for one man good, bad for another. A society may quite naturally intend to decide what work of art it will cherish and what forbid. It may be the loser, may be wrong, dull or short-sighted in its own salvation and enlargement, but the intention is natural and is another way of saying that art is too much a part of life to be allowed to run loose. Art, moreover, is only one more form of life, a translation of one part of life into another part—the life of the passions, for instance, translated into music, or of music into the passions, of the eye into poetry or painting, of the heart into song, the mind into philosophic or ethical patterns and these in turn into conduct, drama or history.

This is not saying, however, that a work of art should preach a moral lesson, serve a good cause, promote some desirable action. Such an intention will not prevent its being a work of art, neither prevent its being nor make it one. It is a work of art in so far as the whole of it, idea and all, is translated into the terms of the art employed and so into another life, is "by a certain difference born anew." At that stage it is complete in itself, independent of its creator, a whole living form, as distinctly existent

as a tree. It can be judged by nothing outside itself. But as a whole experience, nevertheless, it bears on life, and may be judged—at the judge's peril, of course, for he may cut himself off from pleasure, profit or light—with regard to its good or ill effects.

Such judgments on the morality of art, however, apply to special instances and are altered with the instance, the occasion, the judge. On this plane the whole situation has the mutations and variations of ordinary morality. Ultimately the morality or immorality of a work of art turns on quite another thing; the issue lies deeper down in the nature of art itself.

At this point I must stop to say that I cannot imagine any work of art, however large, however small, as a-moral. In the larger examples, El Greco's "St. Maurice," for instance, in the Escorial, or Spenser's "Epithalamion" or Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment," the working of the piece of art upon us, its entrance into our nervous system and into "the unquestioned memories of the soul"—to use Mr. Lippmann's beautiful phrase—is plain to everyone. I will take what might seem a less likely field, where the subject-matter, in a way, is smaller, more akin to *genre*—a still-life of figs by Mr. Maurice Sterne, Herrick's poem to Julia walking in her silks, a minuet of Haydn's—they are all inescapably forms of life, they penetrate my mind, insinuate themselves into the quality of my humanity, affect my taste—which is inseparable from conscience—develop further my sensibilities; and, so, by these and many other effects upon me, become a part of my whole life. But I should not admit the disconnection from life of even the smallest work of art. The furniture of a room, the curve of a line, the graduation in a musical phrase, may release the springs of tenderness or shame, or the sense of harmony, and nourishing memories, or may stir up ructions, contempts and fighting resolution, or may lessen and ease the moment, feed the basic continuity in our character, rest the stronger impulses; and eventually, perhaps, may even lead to fuller moments in which they themselves are finally forgotten. No a-morality, then, for art. But to come back to the point, which concerned the ultimate basis on which the morality or immorality of art must rest—

A work of art is immoral in so far as any part of it is dead, in so far as life is thereby in that part denied. This immorality may ensue from deliberate intention—falsifying the matter to make the work please or sell, distorting the completeness of the artist's vision for false purposes, killing in it, or parts of it, the life that would fill it and

make it complete and to be respected. Or the immoral defect may ensue from lack of genius—the artist is unable to create his idea completely in terms of his art and so makes a work that is partially dead. This point covers all in art that is specious—because it pretends a life it has not; lying—because it distorts the living harmony of the elements involved; hypocritical—because it defeats vital attack and mocks reality; prurient—because it shams and itches instead of allowing us the natural purity of all that is alive; cheap and common—because it panders, substitutes and sickens; unimagined and uncreated—because it cannot give a sound body to the soul that is waiting to be born in the work of art. These are what ultimately, without any regard to individual or epoch or geography, make a work of art the enemy of life.

It is not the morality of art that I want to discuss, but rather some points about art as an adjunct of that moral life about which Mr. Lippmann has written with such level, quiet study and wisdom and so fine and sweet an impress of his own personality. I have been reflecting on certain useful parallels in art; how art may contribute to this moral life that he speaks of, this religion of the high mind and spirit, this state of living that presents the goal of our human effort toward happiness, which, to quote Confucius, is "to be able to follow what the heart desires without transgressing what is right."

Obviously a work of art may instil magnanimity or loyalty, or may heighten love, may promote our inner harmonies, excite a nobler congress of the passions, send a man to war or peace, exalt his national pride, or shame him into paying his taxes. But these are special cases; I am thinking not of a work of art but of art itself as a living medium.

In that panoply of qualities which go to make up Mr. Lippmann's moral man, regenerate, disinterested and mature, and which bring him to such a freedom, peace and understanding, the virtues appear—certainly they appear so from the standpoint of art, at least—perhaps somewhat more ascetic than we require, or more stoical. Courage, for instance, as in Colonel Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, he describes as a willingness to face a situation from which it would have been more or less natural to run away. There is something, and especially so in art, that insists upon more emphasis on another side. To fly the Atlantic, to rush to a rescue of another person, at the risk of your life, to give yourself for a dangerous scientific test, as in the case of the typhoid experiments—well, suppose you are the kind of being for whom the ordinary moment, the ordinary prudence, the plain way of life, is not enough. What if your nature leads you to the happiness of these brave and perilous things, and your satisfactions derive only from them, what if your canvas is either large or almost empty, your blood stale within the obvious conditions of the day? This does not mean some mere added excitement that entices you, though that may be there

too, but rather some heightening in glamor, the lure of space and light and wide wings, a craving for a kind of immediacy in the eternal. It is what the Greeks meant by Dionysus leading the dancers on through the mazes of his divinity, the god of wine, of enthusiasm, of beautiful sacrifice, of the heroic, the passionate, the bursting of personal bounds and entrance into universal elements. Epicurus and Jesus meant this by the theme that we lose our life to find it, and this is what Euripides means in the whole text of "The Bacchæ." This enthusiasm, this abandonment and realization of himself that the artist exhibits is like the mother giving birth to a child, what all creation is, a search for more life. It has for its result an increase in the sum of life. Art can contribute toward a greater quantity of life, which needs always to run a stronger stream to achieve more volume, and so cleanse its current, like a river. By multiplication and increase life may tend to cure itself, as the increase and force of the essential element in an affected organ may cure the disease. Jesus might have been defining art when he said he came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. In general it is only in the direction of a fullness of life that any significant morality is implied.

There is another point. The creative impulse in the artist moves against a background of wholes, of complete ideas or syntheses. For that reason the Platonic doctrine is natural to him. Without necessarily believing literally that there exist in the universe certain perfections—beauty, wisdom, courage, for example—in a state of *being* as contrasted with *becoming*, which they are among us, certain complete abstractions in which our abstract conceptions participate and partially reflect, without this literal doctrine, the artist knows, nevertheless, that it is an exact description of his own poetic life. There arises, from his response to an object or experience, an abstract quality which he discerns in it and which he carries by his imagination on to a complete and perfect ideal. In the measure and light of this complete quality the process of creation goes forward. Through this, the thing created becomes the substance of the thing unseen, the evidence of what is hoped for, and the projection of the incidental into the permanence and completeness of a work of art.

This habit in art of carrying qualities or characteristics to their complete embodiments, of seeing the whole represented in the part and the part illumined by the whole, is of value in our moral habits because it encourages the imagination of a whole, a type, a conception, an ideal condition of a quality. It might encourage us better to detect the essential nature of any phase of experience or desire, and to imagine its complete fulfillment, where it comes to in the round, as it were. We might thus see better how far the experience would be finally desirable, and whether it is for our good or not. And so we might see things in a larger scale, see what such and such a thing comes to in

relation to other things, which is the only way to judge of its moral value. Furthermore we see better, on the one hand, what might be capable of some conclusion or whole, and, on the other, what might not ever get very far, what, in sum, is trivial for us and transient. And nothing is clearer than that one of the greatest sources of our evil fortune is our way of seeing things singly, hand to mouth, like a child's moment to moment, our forgetfulness of the long line that runs through our experience and draws its rich or sparse or beautiful or tragic pattern. We could not say, of course—except in some mystical or classic mode of thought, familiar enough to everyone—that the immoral always derives from ignorance. But certainly we could say that it often comes from having a poor imagination. Goodness is the highest form of imagination, in the sense that the final aim of that faculty is to create an image in which both our desire and our will discover happiness and our nature the best harmony possible to it.

At any rate this sense of things in their final completeness, carried to a head as it were, and scaled thus together, in a kind of antiphony among themselves, might, by a certain absorption of us and an ensuing purgation, help us toward becoming regenerate—to use one of Mr. Lippmann's attributes of the moral life. If it did not do that, it might help us to be more disinterested—the second attribute—and if not that, it might at least, by showing us the conceptions or qualities grown up, full size, make us—Mr. Lippmann's third attribute—more mature.

There is a third point, which concerns the process by which art comes into existence. The stream

of vitality, energy, life—whatever you please to call it—seeks to discover a form that will contain and express it. In it are two forces, inherent in its unceasing motion; one of these is the force that seeks to achieve this containing form, the other the force that strives to break it down. By the struggle of these two forces the form remains alive. This ever-changing stream of life needs ever-changing forms to embody it. Sometimes the form resists breaking down and remains, but it will be as an empty husk; the life has passed on out of it and into fresh forms—the Elizabethan dramatic form, for example, which cannot express the life of today, or the styles of Giotto, of Egyptian sculpture, of Peruzzi, which, as is true of every style, can be studied or borrowed from, but cannot be repeated to any vital purpose.

This parallels exactly Mr. Lippmann's picture of the moral life, as of the spirit, constantly shifting, changing, finding the right form at every moment. Authority, standards, tradition, concepts, rules and so on are, as such, dead bodies from which the life has passed, except, that is, in so far as they continue to express the life within us. In this sense the moral life is a work of art, perpetual creation.

The moral life, seen thus alongside art, has, therefore, implicit in it, the regeneration of new birth, the disinterestedness of the larger imagination, the maturity of complete conceptions, the abundance of the living stream and of infinite created forms, the knowledge of the delicate, living decision always to be made, and the reminder that nothing is fixed and set unless it is dead.

STARK YOUNG.

Mass Production on the Farm

How the Campbell Corporation Does It

THE industrialization of the farm as a means of helping solve many of the problems of the farmer is being widely advocated today by many leaders of agricultural economic thought. The mergers of small productive units into larger ones in industry has been an outstanding development of the past seventy-five years and one of the most important contributing causes of industrial prosperity.

A striking illustration of the success of the corporate type of farming is that carried on by Thomas D. Campbell, a trained engineer in Montana, who is now president and chief engineer of the Campbell Farming Corporation, which operates a farm of 95,000 acres of land in Montana, producing both wheat and flax. Forty-five thousand acres are in crop each year.

Campbell has successfully applied the idea of mass production in farming by the extensive use of power machinery. His plowing is all done by tractors and gang plows. He employs skilled labor only and the transient laborer has no place in his scheme. He has fifty-two tractors, which work in three shifts, plowing both night and day. He thus plows 1,000 acres per day, which is a larger area than most large farms in the country. Fifty-eight percent of the farms of America are less than one hundred acres in size. The Corporation owns and uses one hundred seed drills capable of seeding 3,000 acres of land in one day, thus insuring the planting of the crop at the right season for the best results. He uses both the combine harvester and the ordinary binder in the harvesting of his grain. There are twenty-one combines on the Campbell

farms. The combine cuts, threshes, and sacks the grain in a single operation, and the amount of human labor is reduced to a minimum. Two men only are required to harvest the grain by this means, whereas the old methods required from four to ten. With his combines, Campbell cuts and threshes 300 acres per day. The combine is growing in popularity wherever the size of the farm is large enough to permit its use. It is estimated that 45,000 combines have released over 130,000 farm laborers for other types of work during the past few years. Campbell has developed the windrow method of harvesting wheat with the combine; this allows the harvesting to be carried out with a minimum of loss from shattering of the grain, which frequently occurs when the grain is allowed to ripen while standing and is cut with the combine directly.

The Corporation also owns and operates eighty binders, which cut from 1,500 to 2,000 acres per day, and also eleven threshing machines which thresh about 20,000 bushels of grain per day.

Campbell has also invented and developed the Campbell Grain Dryer, whereby loss from storage of grain while too green is largely prevented.

As special investigator of farm lands on the Indian Reservations for the Department of the Interior, Mr. Campbell early became impressed with the possibility offered by these lands for the production of wheat and flax on a large scale by industrial methods. It is true, to be sure, that the Campbell Farming Corporation is favorably situated as regards land rental. It is reported that the bare land is leased from the Department of the Interior on the basis of one-fourteenth of the gross returns. This is a very favorable rental. It must also be remembered that since this is Indian governmental land, the Corporation pays no general property tax on it. The general property tax on land is what is actually ruining many farmers in some sections of the country today. However, although Campbell is especially fortunate as regards taxation and land rentals, he has also demonstrated in a very effective way the possibility of industrialized farming on a large scale.

Campbell entered into a contract with the Department of the Interior, subject to approval by the Tribal Councils of the several Indian Reservations, by which he was given the right to select and farm large tracts of land on four reservations, the Shoshone in Wyoming, the Crow, Blackfoot, and Fort Peck reservations in Montana. From a modest beginning of 7,000 acres, the project has grown to its present magnitude. There were many setbacks and difficulties of a most aggravating sort. The financing of such an undertaking is a feat in itself. Agriculture is looked upon by many bankers and investors as something that does not and cannot be made to pay. Consequently it is impossible to raise capital by the issue of stock and the sale of bonds, as in the industries. It is true that the Campbell Corporation has issued stock, and this has

played an important part in the success of the enterprise, but the stock issued, to the extent of 20 per cent, has been given as bonuses to the managers, foremen, and skilled employees, who have thus been made loyal to the Corporation, staying with it for years instead of coming and going with the season. These men have a voice in the conduct of the business and also share in the profits.

The Campbell method of large-scale wheat production presents certain problems for solution that must be seriously considered. It is a specialized type of farming in which live stock plays no part. The grain is sold from the farm and nothing is returned to the soil. Such a system is destructive of the fertility of the soil, and is contrary to all the established principles of scientific agriculture as developed in the past hundred years. Live stock is not necessary to maintain the productivity of the soil. It is quite possible to do this with commercial fertilizers and legume manures, even more successfully and profitably than by animal manure. But there is no evidence that the Campbell Corporation has made or intends to make any attempt to solve this important problem. So far it has simply reaped the benefit of the rich, virgin, free, Indian lands, without attempting to renew the fertility thus depleted. This method is of limited application only and would soon defeat itself by reducing the productive capacity of the soil below the limit of profitable returns. If corporate types of farming such as this are to become a permanent part of our farming life, the problem of soil fertility cannot be ignored.

The Campbell system definitely separates the farming business from the farm house. As in the early days of industrial development, when manufacturing was taken from the home and concentrated in the factory, so the Campbell Corporation separates the farm home from the farm itself. It makes the farm purely an industrial manufacturing plant for the production of wheat and flax. The Campbell farm consists of a series of operating units of 10,000 acres. Distances are so great that operations could not be carried on from one central unit; and even with the separation into units of 10,000 acres, they are still five miles apart and the men must be transported to their work by automobile. Many people believe that farming as a mode of life in which the farm home and the farm business are kept intact is vital to the welfare of the country; that the old-fashioned farm has nourished many of the notables of the land; and that its breaking up would have serious consequences on the country's welfare.

This fear has little foundation in fact, since the farm contributes only a minor part of those who have achieved success in other lines of human achievement. The edition of "Who's Who in America" for 1924-25 contains the names of 24,278 notables in the United States. Only 6,288 or 25.9 percent were born on the farms of the land; the

remainder were born in villages, small cities, large cities and the suburbs of cities. The farm did not do as well as would be expected. On the basis of population, the cities contributed six times as many notables as the farms, while suburbs of large cities contributed eleven times as many, and the villages nine times as many. It can hardly be said, therefore, that the maintenance of farm life in its old form is vital to the country's welfare.

Farming is not only a mode of life but a business; and if a business success is to be expected, business principles must be applied to the problem.

The adaptation and use of machinery in the production of farm crops has developed rapidly since the World War. Thomas Campbell has been in the front rank of those who have made this important contribution to the economic production of farm commodities. Management is more and more being regarded as of vital importance in agriculture, just as it has been found to be in industry. Campbell has utilized his talents successfully in the management of his large operations in Montana. The size of the farm is an important factor in determining success, and Campbell has demonstrated the importance of large holdings in reducing the unit cost of farm products.

Can advantage be taken on the ordinary farm of the lessons that his operations, carried out on an area of 95,000 acres, have taught? There are 6,448,343 farms in America, and 3,775,077, or 58.5 percent of these, are less than 100 acres in size. How can these farmers be helped by the principles developed by Campbell on his enormous holdings? Undoubtedly some of these smaller farms will slowly be merged into larger ones, just as such mergers are taking place in industry, but great difficulties will be involved in the grouping of many of the farms into large enough holdings to take advantage of the reduced costs of Campbell's system. Is it possible to develop a system whereby some of the benefits of expert management may be gained by the small farmer? Is it not possible to organize chains of small farms under one management so as to secure some of the benefits of large-scale production? This has actually been accomplished by a number of banks and trust companies throughout the country, particularly in the corn belt of the Middle West. Numerous instances might be cited to demonstrate the operation of this scheme. One will suffice.

A bank in Champaign, Illinois, is responsible for the management of thirty-two farms near that town consisting of 7,500 acres of land. This is a big unit of farming, but the family unit is also preserved on each of the thirty-two individual farms. J. J. Johnson, expert agriculturist, is employed by the bank as manager. The cost of this supervision amounts to only one dollar per acre. Johnson, as manager, takes over the farm, maps out a plan which includes testing the soil for acidity, and planning a system of rotation and soil improvement.

The productive capacity of the soil is carefully preserved and even increased on the farms under his direction. Before the bank took over the management, many of these farms were actually losing money. Under Johnson's supervision one farm of 320 acres has paid a net return of \$19,620 in five years, or 6 percent on the capital investment.

It may be that a system of chain farms such as this has wider application than that so successfully followed by Campbell on his mammoth holdings.

ROBERT STEWART.

Washington Notes

ONE of the interesting things that has developed since the recess, in connection with the Senate action on the tariff, is the softened attitude of the high priests of protection, the Reeds, the Smoots, the Moses's, the Bingham and the Watsons. These gentlemen are presumably in charge of the situation. Up to now they have been rather cocky about their control, disposed to regard the Democratic-insurgent tariff turbulence with more or less amusement, and to look upon the House leaders as boobish fellows without real tariff-making experience. The Old Guard leaders, upon whom the special interests have always relied, have been happy in the belief that tariff bills are always really written in conference committee, that this one will be no exception, and that in the conference committee the Senate view, as is the custom, will prevail. The fact that the Senate view distinctly did not prevail in the conference on the farm-relief bill did not alarm the Senators unduly. The tariff is a very different matter, they reasoned. There was no chance to swap and trade on farm relief. Swapping and trading are all there is to a tariff conference committee, and there should be no real difficulty in getting a "satisfactory" bill in the final round.

That was their belief, and cherishing it, they walked and talked, about the Republican cloak room, with the irritatingly tolerant air of those who held the whip hand and knew it. But there has been a change. Mr. Reed of Pennsylvania, surprisingly, is making free-trade motions, advocating the removal of all tariff from automobiles. Mr. Edge, soon, it is understood, to go to Paris—though why his tourist's knowledge of Europe, his utter lack of linguistic accomplishments, and his general destitution of the accepted diplomatic qualifications should make him the choice of the efficient Herbert for so important a post still remains the great unsolved White House mystery—Mr. Edge gives out interviews as to the advisability of reducing some of the rates in the House bill. He accommodatingly points out that they may result in reprisals from other countries and injury to our trade. Then we have the venerable Smoot "considering" the sliding scale for the sugar schedule, thinking perhaps that the House in its schedule has gone a little beyond the need for protection of the beet sugar industry and imposed a slightly unnecessary tax upon the "American housewife," whom Mr. Smoot seems to have remembered a little late. And there have been other signs and intimations that, instead of increasing the House rate as they would like and as they originally proposed, the little band of Republican Senate regulars

whose sole idea was to raise the tariff wall all around, has had a change of mind, if not of heart. It was, in fact, publicly predicted a few days ago by the best informed and most consistently conservative and accurate of the administration journalistic spokesmen that the bill as it passes the Senate will be far more moderate than the bill as it reached the Senate.

There seems sound ground for this conviction, and the reasons are not difficult to find. There have been no senatorial converts among the regulars. The high protectionists there are just as high as before. What has happened, I think, is that not only the aforesaid leaders upon whom the big tariff-protected interests depend for Senate action, but the interests themselves, have become convinced that the sure way to kill the whole tariff bill is to follow out the original Senate idea of playing the old game of give and take in the conference committee. There is very little doubt that it could be successfully played this time, as in the past. The thing that has caused the idea to be abandoned and produced the extraordinary modification in the attitude of the high-protection Senators is the intrusion of the cold, hard fact that this time, that is the sure way to get nothing at all. I am revealing no particular secret, though so far as I know there has been no newspaper indication of the fact, when I say that the man who has compelled the senatorial gentlemen to appreciate this is Mr. Hoover himself. And the really interesting part about it is that he accomplished this change of senatorial mind not by talking to the Senators, but by talking to the industrialists behind them. It is something of a tribute to the sagacity of Herbert, and rather an answer to those who contend that he is congenitally inept in politics, that he should have known that this was the really effective way of modifying the senatorial hostility to his tariff desires.

What he did was to send for some of the important men in the industries seeking the highest protection, who are responsible for the most formidable of the tariff lobby activities and are capable of applying the strongest pressure. Some of these he had at White House luncheons and dinners. Others he saw late in the afternoon at the Executive Offices. Among them, I am credibly informed, was Mr. Grundy, with whom he had previously talked on the same subject and along the same line. What I am told he did, and what I believe he did, was to convince those with whom he talked that the House bill conflicts so obviously with his pledge of a "limited" tariff revision in the interests of agriculture as to leave him no alternative except to veto it if it comes to him in the present shape or worse. In other words, he let it be known that unless the Senate revised the House bill downward there would be no bill. That was the gist of what Hoover said, first to the big business men behind the Senators, and then to the Senators. Further, I am told he said it in such a way as to convince his listeners that it was neither a bluff nor a threat, but merely his considered conviction on the subject. Once they had absorbed this idea, the modification set in. Whether there will be another change before the bill is finally through is, of course, impossible to tell, but as things stand today the fighting spirit of the high protectionists in the Senate is considerably dampened and their confidence greatly diminished. I think some weeks ago I ex-

pressed the belief in this place that in the end Herbert would get about what he wanted this extra session, in spite of the loud roars of defiance from insurgents and Democrats and the resentment toward him of some of the more conspicuous of the regulars.

The reason I gave was the simple one that his mental engine was better geared than those of his opponents, and that with his mind on the situation he would be in a position of control. Further, I ventured that in the course of the struggle he would make some moves not heretofore known in politics which would not only surprise the politicians, but be surprisingly effective. This idea of convincing not so much the Senators, but the men putting the pressure on the Senators, is one such move.

Aside from the tariff, the Hoover announcement of his conference to consider the health of the children of the nation, the appointments to the new Farm Board, and the news of a Treasury surplus approximating \$200,000,000, making another tax cut possible if not probable, have been the outstanding features here since Congress recessed. As to the Farm Board, while the personnel is pretty strong and the membership well buttressed by farm organization endorsements, even the agriculturally revered name of the Hoover-hating Lowden being freely used by the White House press agents, it does seem unfortunate that the head of the Board should also be the head of the agricultural implement trust. I have no doubt he is a good man and true, but if the good will of the farmers is an asset for the Board, the Legge appointment is a liability. It is perhaps unfortunate and unjust that the farmers should react unfavorably to mention of the International Harvester Company; but they do. The qualifications of Mr. Legge are high, however, and the character of his work may easily be such as to remove all prejudice of this sort and to relieve him of its handicap.

All there is space to say about the children's health conference is that it is in line with the happy-home campaign speech made by Mr. Hoover as a candidate. One of the things he is sensitive about is the criticism that he is concerned only with material things, that he is primarily a business man, immersed in statistics and without real concern for anything else. The happy-home speech was designed to meet this criticism in the campaign. The children's health conference is designed to show that that speech was not merely empty words, that Hoover is interested in the spiritual as well as the material welfare of the American people, that he has ideas and ideals above the mere continuance of business prosperity. However, upon that "business prosperity" more than upon anything else hinges the success or failure of his administration, and quite well every watchful politician, friendly or unfriendly, knows it. That is why the optimism of the recent Mellon statement was so soothing to the administration lieutenants in and out of the White House, who had been fretted and harassed by a number of little things, such as the De Priest incident. If the old gentleman is right about the business future, they need have no worry about the political future. At least that is the way they feel about it.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Peeling an Onion

IN THE final number of *The Little Review*, recently published, there is food for much instructive meditation. For this definitive issue is almost entirely composed of the answers, sent in by "more than fifty of the foremost men in the arts," to a questionnaire circulated by the editors. This questionnaire is as follows:

1. What should you most like to do, to know, to be? (In case you are not satisfied.)
2. Why wouldn't you change places with any other human being?
3. What do you look forward to?
4. What do you fear most from the future?
5. What has been the happiest moment of your life? The unhappiest? (if you care to tell).
6. What do you consider your weakest characteristics? Your strongest? What do you really like most about yourself? Dislike most?
7. What things do you really like? Dislike? (Nature, people, ideas, objects, etc. Answer in a phrase or a page, as you will.)
8. What is your attitude toward art today?
9. What is your world view? (Are you a reasonable being in a reasonable scheme?)
10. Why do you go on living?

The names of some who attempted to answer this formidable catechism are indeed widely known—Sherwood Anderson, Havelock Ellis, André Gide, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Bertrand Russell, Ezra Pound, H. D. and Gertrude Stein are all included. Bernard Shaw, according to the editors, "sent word, by way of a printed slip, that he was too busy writing to do any literary work . . . or something like that." Einstein (let us hope it was not merely an excuse) was ill. But on the whole, the instigators of this Socratic venture may be congratulated on having obtained a set of answers fairly representative of what we might call the intelligentsia of the arts. And these ladies and gentlemen are not so unrepresentative of humanity at large as we should sometimes like to suppose. It must be remembered, of course, that the rank and file are more addicted to extreme mannerisms and poses, perhaps, than the rest of us; some of them may appear more purely pathological; but they are not as queer as they make out. When it came to answering these questions, many of them were apparently overcome by the temptation to display their whims (there are not many *Little Reviews*, and this was its last number); but a really surprising number have answered to the best of their ability, perhaps, certainly in good faith. Some of the answers are flippant; some (presumably) so obscene that they had to be censored; some of them are amusing; some of them are clever; some are embarrassingly stupid; some are bromidic; but some are stimulating.

Few people will admit in public—to strangers, as it were—that they are not satisfied: few of these have admitted it. No one, of course, would really want to change places with any other human being, except in a moment of pique or depression; the reasons generally given for this self-satisfaction are more amusing than ingenuous. What they look forward to is either (1) a miracle, (2)

tomorrow, or (3) a mere continuation of the past. Few of these people, according to them, fear most the final act of death: boredom, lack of change, or the access of some inhibiting weakness is the worst their public pessimism will admit to. Some of them, like Emma Goldman, fear most for others: she is most apprehensive of "the continued sluggishness of the human mind." Most of them cannot lay their finger on either their happiest or their unhappiest moment. Edith Sitwell's unhappiest moment was when she was born. A young boy answered this question: "A conversation with my dearest friend. The unhappiest the same."

But when we come to such questions as: "What do you consider your weakest characteristics? Your strongest?" etc., etc., the answers ring so false, or are so beside the point, that they are not even plausible. Here is a typical reply: "My weakest characteristic is my gentleness with fools. . . . What I dislike most about myself is . . . my invincible habit of telling the truth." Many of them are not so flat-footed as this, but these particular replies are generally cast in the accents of demi-godhood. The questions which elicited the liveliest and most varied answers are numbers 9 and 10. ("What is your world view? Are you a reasonable being in a reasonable scheme?" and "Why do you go on living?") The general consensus of opinion seems to be that "I am a completely reasonable being in a completely unreasonable scheme." But some, more skeptical, dissent from this comparatively cozy view. Emma Goldman exclaims impatiently: "No, I am not a reasonable being, nor do I consider our scheme reasonable. Who the hell wants to be reasonable?" Georgette Leblanc says: "I am a being I am trying to understand in a scheme I do not understand." Moholy-Nagy finds "the actual world-scheme, in respect of the social system, most incomprehensible and gruesome." And Kurt Schwitters seems to himself to be "a completely thinking man who, with other more or less thinking men, and a multitude of absolutely idiotic individuals, is shut up in a sort of insane asylum, in which one passes the time reading classic poetry. . . ." As for why they go on living, one of them admits that "Most of the time I don't think that I do." And the bravest words, as usual, come from youth—from a certain Thomas Peters, a young man apparently in his early teens: "Because I like to live at my age, perhaps I shall not when I am older, god only knows. And I go on living because I have a responsibility of carrying on my life till I am dead; why should I cut short the responsibility."

Of all this galaxy of intellect, to which figure would the outsider naturally turn for a set of answers that were lucid, truthful and exact? Most of us, probably, to Bertrand Russell. And he does not fail us—in lucidity. He prefaces his answers by a warning that they will be "truthful rather than interesting. I have a rooted belief that the truth is always dull; nevertheless, I suppose it is what you want."

1. I should like to do physics, to know physics, to be a physicist.
2. There are about a dozen human beings with whom I would gladly change places; first among them I should put Einstein.

3. I look forward to watching the development of my children.

4. I fear most from the future that I shall become the sort of person whom people will find tiresome to be with.

5. The unhappiest moment of my life was birth; the happiest will probably be death.

6. My weakest characteristic is respect for big-wigs; my strongest an impersonal intellect. I like most about myself the fact that many people like me; I dislike most the fact that I hate myself.

7. I like the sea, logic, theology, heraldry. The first two because they are inhuman, the last two because they are ridiculous. I dislike fools, tyrants, and women who speak of children as "little darlings."

8. I have no view about art today.

9. My world view is that I am a moderately

reasonable being in a totally unreasonable scheme.

10. I go on living because I enjoy life.

These answers are certainly dull; but are they so certainly the truth? When they are more than partial answers they give the unmistakable impression of having missed the point. And that is our final impression of the sum of all these answers. Bertrand Russell, as usual, has put it more lucidly than anybody else.

And we are driven to the reluctant conclusion that the best answer of all to these Socratic questions is Socrates own, in this case repeated only by André Gide: "I do not know." When you have peeled an onion until there is nothing left, what have you got? It is an instructive questionnaire.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Catholics and Birth Control

SIR: You have been unusually generous in the space you have given to the subject of birth control recently. Earnestly as I believe it essential to the preservation of our civilization I congratulate you, nevertheless, for giving the writers of the Catholic Church opportunity to express their opinion. If, as I am convinced, the position of the Catholic Church is totally untenable from any point of view other than their own, that of an authoritarian ethics, the more it is brought out into the light of general information the sooner it will be completely discredited.

They, themselves, have realized this in no small measure and that fact, I believe, accounts for the long period of "watchful waiting" which may be said to have characterized the Church's attitude until very recent years. Ignoring the subject as a matter of public discussion having signally failed to lessen discussion of it, it is only in recent months, rather than years, that the Church has deigned to discuss the subject in a reasonable manner. Only three years ago one of the spokesmen of the Church, in a widely circulated article, referred to the fact that he wished "That birth-controllers had never dragged their moist and slimy Caliban from the fetid caverns of their evil minds." But argument by vituperative epithet has also failed, and we are rapidly approaching the time when the question will be discussed on its merits or the debater will be thrown out of court.

In weighing the arguments of the Catholic Church one should remember that in fighting against birth control the Church is fighting for its very life under its present organization. Certainly, in America, anyone not a member of the Catholic Church will agree that the Church loses far more people through attrition, falling away from the Church, than it gains from the non-Catholic group by evangelical, conversion methods. Accepting this fact it is clear that if birth control became so established as to bring about a stationary population, an end devoutly to be wished, the population might be thought of as consisting of two groups, the Catholic and the non-Catholic. If both groups are stationary in population, meaning that just enough children are born to replace those who die off each year, and if the Catholic group loses more communicants through falling away from the Church than it gains by evangelical methods, then the Catholic group will dwindle steadily in numbers and importance, compared to the non-Catholic group.

If the Church maintains the celibacy of the sisterhood and priesthood (which has only been rigorously in effect for about seven hundred years at the most) this effect of a decreasing proportion of Catholics in the total population will be hastened, since so many potential parents will be, as it were, taken out of circulation.

A clear realization of just what birth control, and its ultimate

result, a stationary population, means to the Church will help greatly in appraising its arguments. When that day comes we shall have a very different Church. How it will change one cannot say, but it is reasonable to believe that much of the superstitious awe of the Church will have disappeared, its dominance over the individual will have lessened, and the Church will operate on a basis of helping individuals to a fuller life rather than aiming at self-preservation and perpetuation. Perhaps when that day comes, having given its life for others it may find it. Who knows? New York City.

PERCY L. CLARK, JR.

The Great Catholic Minds

SIR: In your issue of June 26, Mr. Edmund Wilson asks me, as a Catholic, to tell who are the great modern Catholic minds and declares that he doubts the existence of any difference of opinion between Catholic and non-Catholic as to what constitutes greatness. I consider Mr. Wilson's use of "non-Catholic" here rather impertinent. The point I raised was simply that the ideas held by a Catholic on the subject and those held by Mr. Wilson were apt to have very little, if anything, in common. Will not Mr. Wilson admit this? Furthermore, his inability to call to mind the name of a single Catholic thinker of importance proves to what a deplorable extent he is out of touch with modern Catholic thought in this country, England and France. How can a man in his position consider himself qualified to pass judgment on the Catholic intellect? He concedes the greatness of the "Summa Theologica" and the "Inferno," and yet, if these were the product of our own times, would he ever have heard of either of them?

As to the great modern Catholic minds, the ones in this country whose names occur to me at once are Dr. Ryan, Dr. Sheen, the late Sir Bertram Windle, Bishop Shahan, the Jesuit Fathers Wynne and Donnelly, Dr. James J. Walsh and Dr. Guilday; in England, the late Cardinal Gasquet, Canon Barry, the Jesuit Fathers Martindale and Rickaby, Belloc, and of the previous generation, the Wards, father and son, Lord Acton, the late Baron von Hugel, the poets Johnson, Thompson and Patmore, and, of course, Cardinal Newman; in France, less familiar territory for the American, Maritain, Massis, Claudel, the Abbé Brémond, the Abbé Dimnet and the late lamented Péguy. These are the names which occur to your average Catholic when he is asked who are the leaders of the movement to which he belongs. Of course, there are many more—a list of the Church's greatest scholars might easily be compiled from the index of the Catholic Encyclopedia—but it should be interesting to learn with how many of the above Mr. Wilson or your readers are familiar.

Philadelphia, Pa.

J. MOLLOY.

Is Fighting the Test of Loyalty?

SIR: The grounds of the refusal of citizenship to Professor MacIntosh of the Yale Divinity School by the New Haven judge would, if generally accepted, bring us to a pretty pass. Where should we fetch up if the world's governments were all encouraged to believe that their peoples must unquestioningly endorse every war proposed with no right to discuss its justice or injustice?

We have been in the habit of declaiming with glowing gratitude the magnificent periods of Chatham, Burke and Fox denouncing in Parliament their king and his ministers for their cause in the American war. "I thank God that America has resisted!" Chatham exclaimed; and our judge would have disfranchised him forthwith. Can any man conceive Richard Cobden or John Bright consenting to fight in the Crimean War which they so stoutly condemned, whatever the extremity—a war in which, by and by, when the fever was over, even Lord Salisbury said England had "put her money on the wrong horse"? General Grant said truly of our war with Mexico that it was "one of the most unjust wars ever fought by a stronger against a weaker nation." Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln said so at the time. Sumner penned the stinging protest adopted by an overwhelming majority by the Massachusetts legislature. Can any American conceive him in any extremity responding to a call to the ranks from President Polk under threat of disfranchisement for refusal? Has it now become unfashionable and disloyal to read Lowell's "Biglow Papers"? Do we not all know that Emerson and Whittier and every man of conscience in New England would have gone to jail with Lowell rather than bow to the dictum of the Connecticut judge that no citizen has the right to use his own discretion as to the justness or unjustness of a war, once the war is on?

It is too late in the day for this sort of thing. In 1929, it is preposterous to tell a devoted and patriotic scholar like Professor MacIntosh that he has no credentials for citizenship in this republic unless he will swear to hold his nose and swallow any war dosed out to him, after a majority vote in Congress, by the President, who in war, according to the new lingo, has "absolute power." Readiness to fight is the last exaction that should be laid on any citizen as a test of loyalty. What could any such hypothetical service amount to for our political and social welfare compared with what he is rendering every day to the great cause of religion and education of our people?

In point of law, moreover, Professor MacIntosh is on firm ground, and the judge is antiquated and absolutely wrong. The Constitution itself declares that our treaties with foreign powers are a part of the supreme law of the land; and we have just entered into an agreement with sixty nations pledging ourselves to outlaw war as a national policy and settle every dispute by pacific means. To proclaim from the bench that this is a mere gesture and that men must be ready to fight just as before, in order to maintain good citizenship, is disloyalty and recreancy of the rankest kind. For us, from now on, to sanction a decree that the measure of political virtue is readiness to fight is to stultify ourselves. The supreme virtue of the Kellogg treaty renouncing war is that it now places the peace-makers on the side of law, and the war-makers on the side of lawlessness. This must quickly be clear to the most obtuse; but to prevent an epidemic of such court proceedings as we have just witnessed at Washington and New Haven, public meetings for ringing protest should be promptly organized in every city in the land.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, Mass.

The American Language

SIR: I have been much entertained with the discussion of the "American language" I so unwittingly started and I forgive Mr. Wilson for saying I was "touchy" (I admit I am when it comes to the constant digs against us I see in the English press) because of his very fair comment on Mrs. Virginia Woolf's reply to my query about Henry James. I can understand that if Mrs. Woolf takes the language of Sinclair Lewis' and Ring Lardner's

characters as typical, she is justified in concluding that Americans and English speak a different tongue, but she does not realize that they employ many words which are as strange to you or me as they are to her. She would not, I am sure, like to be judged by the language of Sam Weller or any other cockney or by that spoken by the people of whom Hardy or Eden Phillpotts wrote.

HARRIOT T. COOKE.

London, England.

Meticulous Martin

SIR: When we were young we used to gather about the outhouse, or perhaps some more pleasant place, to discuss the physiological aspects of a universally interesting topic—the physiological aspects because our minds were not then trained for subtleties. In this curious company there was almost always a pale child whom the others would regularly thrash, venting their spleen on him as a symbol of all that was dislikable in this world. As this pale child listened to the conversation, taking no part in it, he turned a bit sick, for it was a habit of his to find almost everything sickening; and after he had left the company, he thought for a long time on the topic, for it was another habit of his to dwell secretly on subjects which he considered sickening.

This child, Meticulous Martin, as he grew older, learned that he could employ his particular dislikes to great advantage by censoring works of art, or attempted works of art, which further carried on the very human quest for complete knowledge of that universally interesting topic. And he also learned that he could glut to the fullest his desire to ponder on what he declared disgusting.

Lately, Martin has been very active. His estimation of himself has grown and he has gone for dirt to books in which even a man armed with a microscope would have small success. It would not be surprising to see one of his old companions rise and administer one last thrashing, far more effective than those earlier ones.

GEOFFREY STONE.

New York City.

Rebecca West and Dean Inge

SIR: I have been thinking a good deal lately about Rebecca West's article, "Ghost Work," in the Literary Section of the New Republic for May 22, 1929. . . . Her article purports to give an estimate of Dean Inge's recent book, "Labels and Libels." Now, I ask you, could anyone gather from her diatribe what the book itself is really about? I doubt if she has more than fluttered a few pages of it herself. For instance, she asserts of the author, "He does what he can to encourage the vice of pride in certain races by alleging their inherent superiority," etc., etc. But on page 13 Dean Inge specifically says, "The notion that some nations or races are intrinsically superior to others has produced a great deal of false science and bad philosophy. . . . We are all mongrels."

Again, she says that the Dean "sneers at the L. C. C. schools." How did she miss his words on page 127, where he refers approvingly to "the new County Council Schools, which are often presided over by an Oxford or a Cambridge Scholar, who teaches his boys to love their school"; or on page 129, where he speaks of "the excellent State schools which will soon be available in every large town."

Further, when she speaks of "Dean Inge's Ku Klux Klan attack on Roman Catholicism," one can only charitably suppose that she is totally unacquainted with Ku Klux Klan technique.

"Labels and Libels" I consider Dean Inge's poorest book. I think he was very ill-advised to publish a volume of which the greater part is so trivial in matter and so ephemeral in value. I have seen a number of rather severe criticisms of it—which it deserved; but they were written civilly, honestly and intelligently. . . .

GERTRUDE W. PAGE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A German View of Dante

Mediaeval Culture, by Karl Vossler, translated by William Craston Lawton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two vols. \$8.

VOSSLER'S "Die Göttliche Komödie" has for some time been known to scholars as one of the largest and most pretentious of the books written about Dante and his times. Originally published in 1907-1911, it went through a second edition in 1925, and has been translated into Italian. Giovanni Gentile has called it "the most powerful instrument which we possess for helping us to understand the art of Dante." With this reputation behind it, it is quite fitting that it should be translated into English.

Vossler's task is both ambitious and important. He takes up in order all the possible influences which could have been brought to bear on Dante's life and thought, and tries to discover how Dante was affected by them. The treatment of Dante's background is thus divided into four sections: religious, philosophical, ethical-political, and literary. The final part of the work is devoted to an analysis of "The Divine Comedy" itself.

To fill out this scheme was by no means an easy thing to do. As everybody is aware, Dante reflected his age with more completeness than any other man has ever reflected any other period of history. All the traditions, beliefs, and habits of thought of the Middle Ages find their fullest expression and most remarkable fusion in Dante's work and personality. According to Vossler, therefore, to explain Dante is to explain not only that remarkable century of which he is the mouthpiece, but also to explain how that century became what it was. In addition to an account of Aquinas' philosophy, for example, we must also have an account of the origins and development of that philosophy. And in order to keep the book properly centered, these accounts must continually point backwards and forwards to Dante himself.

This is a very satisfactory method (though, like all methods, it has its drawbacks), and it has more coherence and unity than the method employed in Taylor's well known "Medieval Mind." In a number of instances, Vossler's handling of it has considerable success. His discussion of the Italian character before Dante's time is illuminating and frequently well put; the description of Dante's piety is in many respects accurate, both historically and psychologically, and one feels that for readers who are not particularly well acquainted with "The Divine Comedy," Vossler's analysis of it is competent and instructive.

Unfortunately these points in Vossler's favor are offset by a number of inaccuracies and by a point of view which it is impossible to regard with approval. There is not space here to discuss all the inaccuracies (nor the omissions which may be considered as equally erroneous), but we may pick out two which are of sufficient importance to indicate how wary one must be in taking Vossler at his word. The first concerns the much-vexed problem of universals, which was so important in the history of medieval philosophy, and which, indeed, is the central problem of all philosophy. Vossler says, when discussing the medieval solution of the problem:

As the dogmatic premises of the Middle Ages allowed of no conclusion, a compromise had to be reached. The more important thinkers agreed upon a doctrine of concepts which, as far as the West was concerned, was formulated by Anselm and a few others, who were chiefly dependent on Augustine and on the Græco-Arabian philosophy of Avicenna.

The medieval compromise is then described, with fair accuracy. But it was only in the most incidental manner that Anselm contributed to its formulation. Anselm's point of view, indeed, was not a compromise at all. As Gilson, who probably knows more about these matters than anyone else, says: Anselm was so strong a realist that he made belief in the existence of universals "a necessary condition of theological orthodoxy." Such a position could hardly be called a compromise; and to consider Anselm the inventor of medieval conceptualism is to take credit away from Abelard, to whom honor for its invention (or rather rediscovery) really belongs. A misstatement like this confirms the suspicion that grows on the reader throughout the second section of the work, namely, that for his knowledge of medieval philosophy Vossler has relied almost entirely on second-hand material, and has not consulted the documents themselves. Such an imputation is, at least, the penalty for the omission of nearly all footnotes.

But there are worse mistakes than this. At the beginning of the discussion of Dante's piety, one encounters the following sentences:

In absolute pantheism both the conception of God and all intense religious feeling come to naught. But there is a pantheism in which the universal presence of God is blended with the utmost reverence for Him. This type of pantheism we have in the Divine Comedy.

Now if there is one thing that Dante is not, it is a pantheist. As everyone at all familiar with the Middle Ages knows, pantheism was one of the heresies against which the Church most steadily warred, and as a result Dante takes considerable pains to avoid the slightest suspicion of it. And when one finds Vossler quoting, in support of his view, one of Dante's lines about God that has no pantheism in it at all ("*In tutte parti impera e quivi regge*"), one naturally becomes suspicious of Vossler's entire interpretation of "The Divine Comedy." Such a fundamental misunderstanding, not only of Dante himself, but of his age as well, makes one wonder how valid his other remarks may be.

But Vossler himself explains why he calls Dante a pantheist. He has his own view of religion which he is anxious to maintain, hence this forcing of Dante into a place where he does not belong. Vossler says, in discussing the relations between Dante and Goethe:

From the idolater, who adores a bit of wood as divine, up to Goethe, to whom all existence throughout its natural and spiritual extent is holy, the power of religion affirms itself. It is the divine that through the centuries victoriously covers and permeates the world—and which perhaps in a remote future will unite a most profound intensity to its all-embracing extensivity.

Let us endeavor to set the Divine Comedy in its proper place, as a landmark or milestone on this path of ideal development.

Dante's religion, in other words, is a kind of halfway point between the darkness of primitive man, who worshiped only a bit of wood, and the glorious illumination of Goethe, who worshiped everything. All we need to do is to unite Goethe's comprehensiveness with Dante's intensity, and we will have the perfect religion.

This, of course, is nonsense. Indefinite extension and profound intensity can no more go together than oil and water; an indiscriminated adoration of all natural as well as spiritual phenomena can only weaken religious in-

tensity. But a remark like this, placed near the beginning of Vossler's work, is at least of some service, for it acts as a warning to put the reader on his guard, and it leads the reviewer to the one thing that, more than any small errors in fact, keeps this from being a satisfactory book. For, throughout, Vossler is much less interested in what the facts are than in discovering what interpretation he can give them. As a result his accounts of the various developments which made up the Middle Ages are bundled together in too tight compartments; he imposes on his material a kind of *post-facto* necessity which distorts the true perspective. Vossler never forgets his own, twentieth-century, point of view, and the Middle Ages are treated more like a piece of putty, to be pulled this way and that, than like a living organism, with vital laws of its own. Furthermore, in the purely literary parts, Vossler seems to be the adherent of a worn-out esthetic; he divorces art from life in a way which no longer satisfies anybody: "As a work of art, and only as a work of art, the 'Commedia' is original; only in the evolution of art did it create anything new, namely the mastery and adjustment of the two imperfect medieval styles: apocalyptic and allegory." As if the experience which went to the making of, and is communicated by, "The Divine Comedy" were not in the profoundest sense of the word "original"! Taken together, all these deficiencies in Vossler's work amply justify the epithet which has been applied to it; it is a "soggy" book.

Not, of course, that it is without value. Vossler has read much, and one can learn much from turning his pages. But the reviewer has thought it necessary to emphasize the weak parts of the work because it arrives in this country with a considerable reputation, and because it has seemed wise to put the inexperienced reader on his guard against its many faults. It is not, as the sub-title states, a fit "introduction to Dante and His Times"; it is too biased for that, and should not be recommended to anyone who has no previous knowledge of the subject. Indeed, after finishing it, one comes to the conclusion that the excellent bibliography at the end (supplied by J. E. Spingarn) is perhaps the most valuable part of the work. At least it points the way to the material that will have to be used in writing a really satisfactory book on the background of "The Divine Comedy"; for that important function the present volumes unfortunately do not fulfill.

THEODORE SPENCER.

The Jew in Russian Literature

Russian Literature and the Jew, by Joshua Kunitz. New York: The Columbia University Press. 195 pages. \$3.

THAT in revealing the spirit of an age "literature is a more sensitive barometer than official pronouncements," as Mr. Kunitz avers, is a truth of which we have become more keenly aware in recent years than ever before. Nevertheless, criticism which endeavors to stress this truth has a tendency often to become either hopelessly stilted in form or childishly vague and rambling in content. In avoiding this tendency, and in bringing out this critical truth with new and striking emphasis, Joshua Kunitz in "Russian Literature and the Jew" has made a singular contribution to the literature of social criticism that has grown up in America. He has advanced a general principle by the study of a specific literature. While such diverse writers among us as Kuno Francke, Joseph Vanzler, Walter Long, Floyd Dell, Joseph Freeman, and C. V. Boyer have advocated this point of view in their

criticism, they have not developed it with such clarity or conviction.

"Russian Literature and the Jew" is a study of the attitudes taken by Russian writers toward the Jew in various periods in the history of Russian poetry and fiction, interpreted in terms of changes in the social and economic environment. While Hebrew and Yiddish authors are discussed, it is the Russian author who receives the main consideration. In no instance has Kunitz failed to explain the relationship between attitude and environment. In the beginning we find the Jew treated with contempt, then with hatred, then with a kind of patronizing sympathy and pity, and then, with the Bolshevik Revolution, all these attitudes for a time cease, and the Jew is at last treated as an ordinary mortal, neither better nor worse than the rest of mankind. Kunitz shows very clearly the political and economic factors in feudal society which produced certain Jewish types that were singled out by Russian writers for ridicule, and the underlying forces which shaped their particular conceptions of the Jew. In the period of contempt, for instance, the main writers were members of the nobility. For the nobility, contempt was a more fitting reaction than hatred. After all, the Jew was not their economic competitor. They had no real reason to hate him. He deserved no more than their scorn. With the rise of the bourgeois class, however, and the appearance of the Jewish bourgeois, contempt is no longer sufficient. The Jew must be reckoned with as a real competitor. Consequently, he is hated, and with the rise of the school of writers characterized as *raznochintsy*, this hate is embodied in literature. Even the old writers who lived through both of these periods reflect the change of attitude in their respective creations. It is also important to note that the new writers now are descendants more often of the bourgeois groups than of the nobility. The contempt of Pushkin, expressed in such an episode as that in his poem, "The Hussar," in which "he insists on marrying an exceedingly comical Jew to a frog," is superseded by the hatred of Krestovsky who, in denouncing the Jew as a destructive *Zhid*, believed he was saving civilization. This period of hatred, grounded in this rise of the Jewish capitalist, suddenly ends with the pogroms of 1881, when the Jewish capitalist is practically eliminated from the Russian scene. With the Jewish capitalist gone, the competitive factor is removed, and only the timid, pogrom-tortured Jew remains. It is the suffering of this Jew that now touches the hearts of the rising school of new writers, and the era of "pity and sympathy" begins. Soloviev makes a defense of the Jews, and Chekhov, Machtet, Potapenko, Gusev-Orensburgsky and others extend this attitude into literature. With the Jew no longer present as a competitive menace, this liberal attitude could grow in fairly fertile soil. Humanitarianism replaced hate. The Bolshevik Revolution destroyed all these attitudes almost at a stroke. The Jew was neither pitied nor praised. The literary treatment of him at last became objective. Only in the changes that have taken place in Soviet Russia in the last few years, in which stress has been laid more upon the country than the city, with the peasant taking partial precedence over the worker, can a returning tendency toward anti-Semitism be detected in Russian literature.

It is important to observe, too, as Kunitz penetratingly shows, that it is only when the Jew is hated and persecuted that he becomes conscious of his Jewishness. The Russian people forced him to his defense, denied him the assimilation which under other conditions he would have sought, and when he did not become racially religious, he became aggressively radical. It is striking also to note how com-

pletely the attitudes of authors were controlled by social and economic conditions. Even Dostoyevsky, for example, whose profound probings of the human soul surpass those of any other artist, was unable to rise above the prejudices of the several periods. Social forces, in other words, were more profound than psychological insight.

As we develop in America a more solid and influential school of social criticism, the real significance of this work of Kunitz will be appreciated. "Russian Literature and the Jew" is no sterile monograph; it is creative criticism of excellent variety.

V. F. CALVERTON.

Sidelights on Prosperity

Labor and Automobiles, by Robert W. Dunn. New York: International Publishers. 224 pages. \$2.

Labor and Silk, by Grace Hutchins. New York: International Publishers. 192 pages. \$2.

THESE two volumes are the first of a series being prepared by the Labor Research Association "to present a picture of the development of the important American industries in relation to the workers employed in them." Other books on the coal, steel, cotton and wool, lumber, transportation and other industries are now in preparation. The beginnings here made promise much of value likely to be gained from the future works.

"Labor and Automobiles" is a really masterful study. Every important aspect of the industry is thoroughly covered, the argument is carefully documented at every point, and the story carries the reader along convincingly and with human interest. That the evidence presented is substantially sound is attested by the very feeble rejoinder made by "Automotive Industries" in its review of the book in a recent issue. The editor draws what comfort he can from Mr. Dunn's picture of the weakness of labor in the motor plants, without attempting to answer any of the points he lists as offensive to his viewpoint, in criticism of the employers' policies.

Several pages in the book are devoted to exploding Henry Ford's widely touted "humanitarianism." It is clearly shown that each of Ford's welfare schemes was introduced to increase his profits and that when they ceased to do this they were scrapped. It is not widely known, for instance, that the five-day week no longer prevails in the Ford plants in its original form because it is now profitable to run them on a six-day basis with a day off during the week, instead of the Saturday-Sunday combination which Ford originally considered so essential to the workers' health.

Another interesting point brought out by Mr. Dunn is that, while great publicity is given by the industry to changes which appear beneficial to the workers, none whatever is given to the widespread wage-cuts which have been handed out in many plants during the past few months—introduced first in one department and then another, but never all at once in any plant, thus forestalling any possible coordinated rebellion on the part of the workers whose standards of living are affected.

"Labor and Silk," by Grace Hutchins, tells a story of inhuman exploitation of labor and the physical well-being of children, which should be read by every consumer of the lovely fabrics wrought under these conditions. If there is any utility in the policy of the National Consumers' League, here is an industry in which the League should be especially active. Ten thousand children under sixteen

toiling at this very moment in silk mills throughout the United States! Silk workers in "prosperous" America averaging \$1,077 in wages in the year 1925!

Both of these books begin with chapters on the growth of the industries, the profits taken from them by their owners, recent mergers and increasing mechanization. The development of the automobile industry is naturally the more entrancing. Compared with the 15,000 percent in dividends which Mr. Dunn estimates the owners of original shares of General Motors stock have received in the past twenty-one years, the 3,000 percent taken by Court-auld's rayon stockholders since 1913 seems a paltry sum. But, as both Mr. Dunn and Miss Hutchins demonstrate, these sums are of considerable importance to the workers in automobiles and silks who have to live on far less—yes, even in the case of the automobile industry—than a living wage.

ROLAND A. GIBSON.

Almost Uncomfortable

Young Mrs. Greeley, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

HERE, according to the benign—not to say benighted—blurb, is "a story of humor that verges ever so near to tragedy . . . an understanding of human beings that would be almost uncomfortable were it not for Tarkington's own rich, wise, and kindly philosophy of living." "Almost uncomfortable" indeed! Uncomfortable is no word for the way in which Mr. Tarkington depicts Mrs. Greeley and her friend Mrs. Hedges. Both women are the idle wives of men who work for the N. K. U. (National Kitchen Utensils factory), the business which dominates the small town in which they live. While their husbands work, they have nothing to do but gossip, go to the movies, eat ice-cream sundaes and stir up as much bad feeling as possible. Bill Greeley, an unpretentious, capable person, is made factory manager of the N. K. U., being promoted over the head of his friend Henry Hedges, who is older than he and who originally got him a job with the company. Hedges lacks ambition and realizes he does not deserve promotion, but his wife is furiously jealous of her best friend's new prosperity and position as wife of the manager.

With this situation the novel opens; it then shows the reactions of Mrs. Greeley to her new station in life. Influenced by Mrs. Hedges, who wants to use Bill Greeley as a stepping-stone for the indifferent Henry, she comes to think that her husband's success is due to her personal charm. She even imagines that the president of the company is in love with her and has appointed the new manager for that reason. Knowing nothing whatsoever about the N. K. U., she starts to advise her husband how to conduct his business: he must dismiss the regular secretary, Crystal Nelson, because Mrs. Hedges said she flirted with her previous bosses. When he refuses to do this, Mrs. Greeley flies into the most alarming rages, becomes hysterical, shrieks, screams, and threatens to leave the puzzled William, who has no idea what it's all about. The climax comes when the Greeleys are invited to the Coopers' (Mr. Cooper is president of the N. K. U.) for dinner. Mrs. Hedges has advised Mrs. Greeley to use her hypothetical power over Mr. Cooper to get an improved position for the unfortunate Mr. Hedges; Mrs. Greeley only succeeds in making a fool of herself. In this dinner party scene Mr. Tarkington plunges his shallow heroine into a "cultured"

atmosphere, and it is hard to say whether her inability to indulge in any conversation other than vulgar banter is more pathetic than the inability of the other guests to refrain from forced comments on Brahms, Bach, Debussy, Velasquez, Goya, El Greco, Matisse and Rouget de Lisle. Mrs. Greeley at last comes to realize her deficiencies; she emerges with renewed respect for her husband, contempt for herself and her friend Mrs. Hedges, and, I have no doubt, sends in her order for Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook the very next day.

There is a resigned quality to Mr. Tarkington's writing that adds to its effectiveness: he does not say in so many words just what he thinks about his characters, but in the case of "Young Mrs. Greeley" he must have had a strong sense of the futile and the ridiculous. Certainly he conveys it.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Voice and Verse

Voice and Verse, by H. C. Colles. New York: Oxford University Press. 167 pages. \$3.

MR. COLLES, the scholarly music critic of the London Times, must already be familiar to American musicians through his contributions to the New York Times in 1924, when he was here for six months as guest critic on that newspaper. Since then, he has become an international benefactor by virtue of his labors as the hard-working, conscientious and learned editor of the third edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Mr. Colles' style is smooth, easy and capable, but it would be unfair to call it urbane. It is distinguished simply because it has no irritating peculiarities. His approach to his subject is similarly unimpassioned, sound and scholarly—Mr. Colles, as a colleague of his once said of him, is above all things "a judge of size."

The book itself is primarily an intimate account of British song from an unusual but consistently maintained point of view, and is incidentally a plea for the immediate rehabilitation of that forlorn hope—British opera. Fortunately, his argument for the latter is based on economic rather than on esthetic considerations. Mr. Colles groups his material around two main conceptions, the first of which he puts forward rather tentatively, while the second is often overemphasized—even in the teeth of the facts. When he says that "the much canvassed question of nationalism in musical composition depends in the last resort on the association between music and language" (and more particularly on the peculiarities of the vernacular in each case), he is gingerly putting forward a theory which will be more generally admitted within the next twenty years or so. But when he tries to make out his case for the exclusively vocal origin of music and the canons of musical form, he is sometimes talking above his breath. (And it is unusual to find Mr. Colles protesting too much!) To say that "instrumental music is merely an extension of vocal music" is certainly rash, and to insist that musicians in all ages have tried "to provide themselves with instruments capable of doing what the human voice does" is simply to make out a strong case for the saxophone—an instrument of which I feel sure Mr. Colles strongly disapproves.

In point of fact, the whole question as to a vocal basis for music is involved with so many incalculable elements that no one is justified in attempting a pronouncement on it. And consequently, no one is in a position to judge whether Mr. Colles is absolutely wrong—or "vice versa," as we say in New York.

JEFFREY MARK.

The Child in Primitive Society

The Child in Primitive Society, by Nathan Miller. New York: Brentano's. 263 pages. \$3.

THE title of this book arouses expectations which are only partially satisfied by the contents. The first five chapters, which deal with the parallel between the attitude toward children and the economic status of a given society, are both instructive and interesting. But the remaining seven chapters, meant to present primitive methods of education, serve no better purpose than that of assembling a mass of miscellaneous material, poorly organized and sometimes contradictory, which illustrates the harsh, casual and conservative nature of primitive man. Though the author makes a sincere attempt to interpret his material from the point of view of primitive man rather than from that of civilized man, it cannot be said that he actually succeeds. His failure to do so is most noticeable in the second half of the volume, devoted to a discussion of the education of the child in primitive society, where the reader becomes uncomfortably aware of a lack of rapport between the author and his characters. Nevertheless, the book is surely worth a reading by parents, teachers, and social workers, for whom it was written.

AUGUSTA ALPERT.

The Tenth Muse

Strange Truth, by "Elspeth." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 104 pages. \$2.

LOOKING into this volume I am again reminded that, more than scientific research or sociological reform, this planet needs an Island, where unnecessary psychological suffering could be alleviated, because on it common sense would keep hope and despair separate in their proper firmaments. In our fashionable philosophy the two commonly get mixed; and people like "Elspeth" suffer for it. In her "Litany" she prays:

No—halt the step of Spring on earth, dear God.
Once loosed from winter's fastness, man and earth
Must face again old dreams, that were far better lost,
And feel once more the travail pains of birth.
Good Lord, deliver me from tender truth:
Spare me, good Lord, the eager dreams of youth.

Her despair is merely hope turned inside out: from realities she has transferred her hope to the "Lord."

"Strange Truth" belongs to the Woman's-College school of poetry, which has so successfully popularized our tenth muse, the disappointed Yen. Like other products of that school, these poems make a virtue of "sincerity," a pose similar to that called "patriotism," in that it creates acute states of emotion without any valid reasons contributing. This "sincerity" functions best when its professors are miserable; when in good spirits they just get clever.

Answer me one burning question:
Is this love or indigestion?

I have underlined the outlet at which "sincerity" evaporated.

Still, it is possible to recommend this book, for its not infrequent passages of genuine feeling, and for one fine block of verse: "The Porte-Sud of Chartres Cathedral."

These are the queens of Judah and their kings,
Their ceremonies wrapped round them like furled wings;

Their eyes are gentle, set in steadfast gaze;
 Their hands are folded in the guise of praise;
 Upon their lips has lain the breath of prayer;
 Worship is woven in their twisted hair;
 Upon their strength a great cathedral leans . . .
 These are the kings of Judah and their queens.

Ah, my beauty, *que diable faites-vous dans cette galère?*
 SCHUYLER JACKSON.

In the American Tropics

Red Tiger. Adventures in Yucatan and Mexico, by Phillips Russell. Illustrated by Leon Underwood. New York: Brentano's. 336 pages. \$5.

IS there anyone who is not intensely curious about the tropics of Mexico or of the South Seas? More so, of course, provided one be a Mexican, about the paradise on earth that is the antique land of the Mayas? Curiosity is already the skeleton of a journey. Traveling with Russell through the Mexican tropics I considered mine abundantly and intelligently satisfied. Russell's style is rich, mellow, and well tempered. He speaks impartially, without the faintest trace of misoneism, even *con amore* about us. In words, his book does for Mexico what Flaherty's "Moana," in images, did for the South Seas.

Accompanied by an illustrator, Russell leaves the United States to vivify his body in *esos dulces países*. In his own country, he feels asphyxiated by civilization, by the frustration entailed on man by the machine, by an odd one hundred million standardized souls. What does your New York matter, *hombre*, if one is about to absorb the cobalt blue water of the tropical sea, impregnated with iodine, to eat fleshy *piñas* and curve-shaped, luscious mangoes, and, like a primitive pantheist, to walk between rows of gigantic palms and mimosas, which extend a balmy and refreshing shade!

Mérida, though it is as oriental as Burma ("it seems to be built out of pink and blue cubes"), is also modern. Furthermore it is colonial. And is not all Mexico precisely this overlapping trilogy of epochs? Leisurely strolling through the ancient streets of the Flamingo, of the Old Woman, of the Two Faces, Russell is sharply conscious of "a certain poetry and picturesqueness which linger until progress—so bright and glittering on its face, so often dismal in its effects—comes to stamp such things out with its practical, metallic foot."

Throughout his journey, suggested, incidentally, by Stephens' celebrated 3,000-mile exploration of 1839, Russell is surprised at the variegated abundance of the fauna and flora. "Paradise on earth!" he exclaims. Russell realizes that he and his own people have lost Paradise forever. Paradise on earth exists only for the Indian who, even by the pigmentation of his skin, is closely identified with the naïf yet eternal reality of the soil. Bathing in a virgin stream, Russell is struck by the Mayan skin, "with its smooth, golden texture and gliding muscles beneath." Noticing his own, he becomes aware that it is white and colorless, as if all white men, having definitely turned their backs against nature, even externally in their faded skins, carried the heart-gnawing cancer of pride. Unlike the dweller of the Central Plateau, the Maya has not degenerated; he is vigorous, austere and noble, almost incredibly good.

Although, finally, as an anti-climax of numerous, varied, and all too actual adventures, Russell becomes arrested for a slight irregularity, he does not, through the interposition

of his government, indignantly request an exaggerated indemnification. On the contrary, he submits to local law. He dislikes what is called the imperialism of his country as much as he loves the rural and pagan virtues of Mexico. With singular detachment, he has understood and intuitively captured the spirit of the Indian and the *mestizo*, of the aboriginal temples in ruins, of the tropics, and, being a good man, he seems to fear that, just as Diego de Landa, the Spaniard, in 1553, burned all the Maya records in front of a cathedral, likewise some enterprising though unsympathetic missionary of Business—the contemporary equivalent of a fanaticism à outrance—for better or for worse, will convert the pagan beauty of the Mexican tropics into an insipid corner of complete mercantilism.

Mr. Russell, I think, has written a distinctly beautiful book, which, by implication, may gravely concern the Mexicans. Like Gauguin, he found the good life in the tropics. We, the Mexicans, who partially live within them, have our glances fixed on the bleak mirage of industrialism. Are we not only on the verge of losing our paradise on earth, but ourselves as well?

ENRIQUE MUNGUÍA, JR.

Notes on Novels

Mortal Men, by Burnham Carter. New York: A. and C. Boni. \$2.50.

WITHIN special limits this first novel has very definite merits. It is the picture of a sensitive young man saturated in aristocracy. Since the sixteenth century his ancestors have been aristocrats but evil. Under the tutelage of one of his two male friends this youth is carefully schooled to be an Epicurean idler. He is taught not to hurt others but to live for the sensual beauty in life. Life is his art. Unfortunately this does not work. From an idyllic childhood through the perplexities of preparatory school days and the clash of a red-hot college love affair we follow him. His two male friends die. The book is consistently sentimental and at the same time consistently cynical. The prose is smooth as velvet: sometimes it is witty; sometimes there is a word misused. There is no such word as "overly." It is as though a young Walter Pater had returned to give his version of that particular nostalgia captured in such novels as "This Side of Paradise" or "The Wife of the Centaur." It is poisonous and agreeable. It is not intended to be taken too seriously.

C. A. C.

Nellie Bloom, by Margery Latimer. New York. J. H. Sears and Company. \$2.

HERE, in a first book of short stories by a young woman, a characteristic American disease takes form. Its name is hysteria. Human shapes and actions are blurred; the men and women in the stories fall into the background—but the essential elements of emotional warfare are made real and terrible. There is Nellie Bloom, frustrated by inarticulate love and hate, dying because there is no outlet for the fiery emotion in her bones. There is Mr. Beale in "The Family," a tight little man, unloved, shouting about the Constitution of the United States. All the pain and fury of his life as an impotent tyrant in his own household rises before you in his declaration of love for his country. And there is Effie in "Winter," a farm woman, large, helpless, half buried in the filth of her own bad housekeeping, reaching out blindly for her lover. There is every promise here of Margery

Latimer's finding a place somewhere among the few young writers who are revitalizing literature. Her prose, still in the process of making itself uniformly effective, has far more concentration and fixity of purpose than, let us say, the prose of Evelyn Scott. Even in the least successful pieces in the book, "City" and "Two in Love," the hysteria behind the broken forms of the stories remains powerful and true. As in the case of Katherine Mansfield, Miss Latimer, at her worst, has a tendency to magnify and distort purely subjective reactions to the world around her. But even here she makes her story yield fragments of a personality that is interesting and valid.

H. G.

The Coat without Seam, by Maurice Baring. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE COAT WITHOUT SEAM" is a character study of Christopher Trevenen. But, as is the case in many of Baring's other novels, it is also a depiction of European manners in the years before the War. The cosmopolitan atmosphere permeates this story of a young man who was destined to taste little else but the bitterness of life during his short span on earth. The scene shifts naturally from one country to another. France, England, Austria, Turkey, Russia, Italy—Mr. Baring is at home everywhere, moving in the circles of intellectual sophistication. Against this background moves the forlorn figure of young Trevenen, a newspaper correspondent. Christopher had an extremely sensitive nature and throughout his life was never able to armor himself against either the intentional or the unintentional hurts of life. The tiniest dart became a spear which was twisted in his side. He grew bitter and sour. Many of his woes were imaginary, but he could not bring himself to admit the fact. Love touched him in bright, sharp flashes and then left him wounded. The War came to put an end to Christopher's misery. He was so alone in the world that perhaps it was the kindest gesture that providence could make.

A. J. B.

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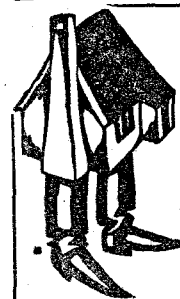
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